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HARPER'S WEEKLY

CHRISTMAS NUMBER

1900

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

FIFTY-TWO PAGES
AND COLORED COVER

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The Holidays

IT is pleasing to think that, in spite of the lowering presages of the summer, the spirit that is to be abroad during the holiday season, now beginning, is rather that of Tiny Tim than of the goddess Bellona. The dark and dreadful portents of July and August appear to have been dispelled, and the prospect of an almost universal adherence to the true spirit of Christmas is gratifyingly bright. If any one had ventured to predict during the trying days of midsummer that the approaching holiday season would be a joyous one, in view of all the anxieties of the hour, we fear his prediction would have been received with a dubious shaking of the head and a hopeless sigh of incredulity. Such an outcome to the apparently endless complications in which the nations of the earth then found themselves involved did not seem possible, and the state of the public mind in all countries was such that even with a clear course of action tending toward peace and good will in view, the task of guiding the various ships of state through the tortuous channels lying before them, without collision, seemed too great a one for any of the great captains of diplomacy then in charge. Yet the unexpected has come about, and day by day the portents of war have grown less ominous, and as we indicated in these columns several weeks ago, the Dawn of Peace has come. It seems to have come, too, at the psychological moment, for at no time in history could it be more welcome or bring greater relief to those who have the general welfare of humanity at heart. In all our rejoicements over the unexpected development, however, we must not forget that the dawning brings with it a duty which may not be ignored. Peace has only dawned; it is not yet assured to us as a permanent condition, and without care on the part of all of us to keep its radiance unobscured by the clouds of discord all that now promises to be bright may yet be made hopelessly dark again. It is one of the established facts of life that we all have to yield a little to others, and to give up something of our own for the sake of the general happiness of those with whom we come into contact, and it would seem as if to-day, almost more than at any other time, in this generation at least, we should be able to do this with the best of grace. That instead of a world of conflict we are able to-day to look upon a smiling earth is in itself so great a dispensation that we should all be more than willing to make any personal sacrifice, not involving a conviction, that will conduce to the serenity and content of our fellow-men; and if this spirit be found to be the guiding one among the governed, it will not be long before it will become potential in the councils of our rulers or of the administrators of our public business. Whether they do it well or ill, whether they be despots or constitutional monarchs or presidents, the work of those who have been set in high places is the outward and visible sign of the will of the masses. No ruling hand to-day among civilized nations is so incautiously put to the wheel as to turn the ship against a real and sincere undercurrent of popular feeling; and if in this period ordained to celebrate the coming of peace and good will and forgiveness into the world we all as individuals take upon ourselves the duty of the hour, and strenuously and sincerely work for the good of all men, regardless of whatever personal sacrifice we may be called upon to make, we may rest assured that the dawning will develop into the full noon of Peace, and that the prayer of Tiny Tim, "God Bless Us, Every One," will have been answered in richest manner.

As to Santa Claus

WE wish the reaction of feeling which has set in over the restoration of peace might result in the bringing back to us of the old-time Christmas—not only climatic, but spiritual. With the departure of the Christmas snow-drift, and the substitution therefor of the green Christmas minus its fat attachment, there has come also a sophistication among the young which takes away from the celebration of the festival much of its old-time charm. An inevitable result of the changes in climate to which we have been subjected has, of course, been the elimination of the reindeer and the sleigh as a part of the appanage of Santa Claus; but there is no good reason why, for the same cause, Santa Claus himself should be dispensed with. That dear old gentleman, as we knew him of old, had too much adaptability properly to be relegated to the order of archaic things on a mere question of meteorological conditions. He was not a fair-weather friend; he was not a snow-goblin; his promise was not that he would come to us weather permitting: rain or shine, snow or thaw, we knew that he would be on hand at the proper time with his full quota of gifts, and it is not an achievement of the century in which we can take any pride whatsoever that in many quarters we appear to have dispensed with his services altogether. It would, of course, shock many sensibilities if the modern artist were to depict his arrival upon the roofs of men in an airship of the ZEPPELIN order; we fancy that a picture of his rolly-poly highness approaching the homes he was about to bless in an automobile or a hansom-cab would grate upon many a sensitive soul—but it is far better that we should accept even this than that we should suffer that fine old symbol of the spirit of kindliness and generosity and human sympathy to be taken from the pedestal of love upon which it has stood for so many years and hidden in some cold-storage house of a material age, there to be forever forgotten. We know that there are many high-minded and well-meaning souls who advocate the abolition of the dear old saint from the calendar of life, but we think they miss the real point when they do this. That Santa Claus is a myth, and should therefore not be treated as a reality, is their argument, and they would have us teach our children that he is a lie, forgetting that it is through ideals, after all, that we convey the noblest, most uplifting, and most permanently elevating lessons to the minds of the little ones. No man, for instance, is the great and powerful individual his worshipping son thinks him; and yet it is good that the little chap's conception of that paternal myth should be left undisturbed, and he who would drag down that ideal to the level of the actual facts would be doing a wrong to the child, and at the same time would take away from the father one of the great incentives to correct and upright living, and the final fulfilment of all his powers. No normal boy was ever harmed by thinking his poor miserable father the finest thing that ever was or ever could be; equally true is it that no properly constituted little one ever gained aught that was detrimental by a contemplation of the virtues and a faith in the reality of the ideal figure that symbolizes the spirit of the yule-tide.

Give us back our Santa Claus before it is too late, and spare the children at least that "higher criticism" which destroys ideals and lays bare all the material facts of life without giving us anything in return to relieve or soften their ugliness.

Some Possible Legislation

WE are minded at this moment to say a word political, although we are very well aware that politics in such a number as this should be barred. Nevertheless, there is no more proper time or place than this in which to recommend to some one of our great parties—we care little which—the incorporation in its platform of a plank regulating one provision of our postal service. We understand that a generous-hearted Philadelphia editor applied some years ago to the Philadelphia post-office for all the letters received there addressed to Santa Claus, his intention being to open them, and, in so far as he was able to do so with the co-operation of the readers of his newspaper, to fulfil the wishes of the youngsters who had written them. Here the cold callosity of government to the wishes of the individual steps in, and the philanthropic gentleman, who has conceived an idea worthy of the City of Brotherly Love at its best, is informed that letters may be given only to the persons addressed, and that, after being held for the required length of time, all of Mr. Claus's mail will be sent to the Dead-Letter Office at Washington, there ultimately to go the way of all dead things.

No doubt the postal authorities did the correct thing in the absence of a special provision of the law permitting them to do otherwise; and there are thousands of men in this country to-day who would note with regret any provision of the postal regulations by which their mail might be delivered to unauthorized parties; but, bad as special legislation usually is, here is a case in which no harm could be done, and much happiness would result from a special act officially recognizing Santa Claus as a person capable of receiving letters, but, because of his physical absence from the country, requiring to be represented by agents who would carry out his policy. Certain details would, of course, have to be considered. To whom, for instance, in the absence of credentials properly recognizable, should Santa Claus's mail be delivered? Well, we should say to the highest bidder in toys, not in dollars. People who want dollars do not go to Santa Claus for them; he has none to give; he coins not silver and gold, but good will, and peace, and human sympathy. Those who want red wagons, and tin soldiers, and rag dolls, on the other hand, find him their chief source of supply, and when they draw on him at sight, if confidence is to be maintained, he must respond. Therefore the man or the corporation putting in the highest bid in the commodity which is the standard of value among the citizens most affected should receive the privileges sought.

If neither of the great parties chooses to take a hand in this matter, deeming anything of the kind too trivial for consideration because the individuals most concerned are not yet voters, perhaps some member of Congress will forget the solemnity of his office, and remembering only the beauty of his opportunity, will introduce a bill at the coming session to meet the peculiar requirements of the situation, which should, if it actually does not, endear him to thousands of little ones who live in hope, and many of whom, it is to be feared, are doomed to disappointment.

The Free Coinage of Toys is a principle upon which no man need fear to go before the country.

A Christmas Suggestion

PERHAPS a simpler method of relieving the situation would be for a number of generously disposed citizens to seize upon and hold for their own philanthropic purposes the name of Santa Claus. We are not aware that the title has ever been copyrighted. In any event, no one has as yet taken out a license to do business under the corporate name of "The Santa Claus Company," and there is really no good reason why this should not be done. The enterprise would afford an opportunity to those who are embarrassed with a constantly increasing store of ready cash, for which there is no immediate investment, to rid themselves of a goodly portion thereof upon the most profitable basis—a basis which would pay dividends in good will, the like of which no number of dollars could measure. As the material body of the beloved saint, this company would be properly authorized to receive all mail addressed to him, and to attend to such requests contained therein as should seem worthy. A corporation of this nature would have the added value of realizing the ideal, of making the beautiful abstraction a concrete thing, so that the good souls to whom we have already referred, who stand appalled at the faith of the children in the myth, would no longer have any cause for their misgivings.

The precise value of the work of such an organization in the distribution of longed-for toys in quarters where the coming of Christmas brings little cheer will be apparent to any man who will take the trouble to visit almost any of the overcrowded tenements in any one of our cities, large or small; and no one who has ever seen a dreary little face brighten in the presence of an unexpected gift of no more than a penny's value will for a moment question the gladness and the sunshine which such an institution on the most meagre of capital could bring into the dark places of life.

GOING HOME FOR CHRISTMAS

BY A. C. WHEELER

THOSE of us who began life in American homes never had any theories and never advanced any arguments about Christmas. It was one of the things that we accepted implicitly. As we grew up and gave way to the insatiate desire for "some new thing," we took good care not to meddle with the archaic conditions of that day, for Christmas was sure to come out in any transcription, the old, old story. It retained for us many of its childhood aspects to the last. Very many essays were written every year to tell what we had done in all the centuries with the day, but we hardly ventured to tell what the day had done for us. If we came to the mountains of tradition with sharpened critical faculties, we found this central peak, which "was from the foundations," still lifting its snowy purity above the great ranges of history and melting softly into the mysterious azure. Those of us who dared to look back along the earlier paths of our careers, always saw Love falling into the arms of Faith and agreeing to ask no questions for one day. It was a very old business, but it was storied and garlanded with some precious emotions. Other days we had which we gave to our friends or our country. They had forums and chapleted statues and communal greetings and bannered processions. But on one day we went in to our own and shut the door, so that, listening to the children, "we became as one of these."

Christmas always in our calendar observances kept its original starlight, and always preserved for us the suggestion of a great birthright, with hearth-stones and family altars and aural flames lit in storied corners. We wandered very wide during the year, but we always wanted to go home for Christmas, carrying our votive offerings and laying them obediently on old altars. Jolly returns those were, just a little flavor of the prodigal in them, notwithstanding that the fatted calf had given way to the fatted turkey. It was expected on those occasions that all the family rancors should be put away. If there was a picture turned to the wall, it always seemed to "the old woman" that unseen hands turned it round again and it looked down with the trustfulness and promise of a lost childhood through this truce of God. The merry-making was an unobtrusive reversion of the Epicurean doctrine. Even the most godless of us relaxed hopefully in obedience to the new injunction, "Eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we live."

So it was that Christmas, with its august spiritual mysteries reaching into infinity, spread these holy trysting-places along the valley and the shadow, and the sweet waters bubbled up and some imperishable blossoms of the heart disclosed themselves in the warmth of our fires and beautifully grew.

Our chronology of the day was often very vague. Our traditions of its place and circumstance might cross and confuse each other, and the holy spots of the story that we would have kept for pious pilgrimages had been swept by the recurrent waves of man's desolation. "Peace on earth and good will to men" had no imperishable bronze. The angel choir went away thousands of years ago. But Olivet still stands, and the Pascal moon still comes up over its broad shoulder, throwing the same immemorial shadows across Gethsemane at the bottom, and pouring its radiance over the scene of the Ascent at the top. If we can no longer hear the harps in the air it is because "neither in this mountain nor in Jerusalem, but in the hearts of men" was the strain to lodge, and the sweet coercion of it was to turn all eyes upward. When Olivet is torn up and cast into the sea that strain will still cling round the hopes of men and utter itself in children's voices, stopping the pace of life itself as we listen for one day.

If you have no Christmas returnings—why not call them retrocessions?—then are you an estimable but bereaved pagan, for you can never know of the "unsearchable" riches of them, and are ignorant of the sweet sorrows and spontaneous renewals and unspoken fealties, with boy choirs in the air. Those were the pilgrimages which our devotee instincts made to the mangers in our experience. We went backward to be merry, and we felt the radiance if we did not see the star.

Even the reproaches of that day were like scars that remain from the wounds inflicted by a friend. The children who went home for Christmas and then went out again into the world dragged a fine golden chain after them, and they felt it tugging at their hearts for years—until it fell apart; and even then, like the veteran who has lost a leg, they felt some occasional twinges come over it, as if there were a finer chain underneath that did not quite fall apart, and we never grew so old that we did not go home for Christmas in our imaginations. When the hard facts of life had worn away most of the truths that decked themselves in childish illusions, there was one soft spot very deep in our recollections where wood fires were still burning. Many of us had carried the torch of life on and lit some new flames, about which we gathered in fresh groups. But you shall say if the new radiance did not light up some empty ancestral shrines and bring sweet melancholy to sit pensively by the side of merriment. We would not tear away the little sadnesses that cling about our lost Christmases. They are the human spiculæ of our transcendently human holiday. The "child that unto us is born" is inextricably woven into the processes of our lives. Unlike the beautiful Helenic Eros—that finite child of the imagination—our Birthday carried in its arms the Infant of the ages, enwrapped in the pangs of flesh; real with the sorrows of our lot, but eloquent with the new syllogism of love, whose subject is the Fatherhood of God, whose object is the sacred maternity of woman, and whose predicate is the everlasting renewal of childhood. These, dimly perceived perhaps, were the deeper sympathies and the inscrutable hopes that hung about us when we went home for Christmas, there to be told in inarticulate words of our passing humanity and our eternal birthright.

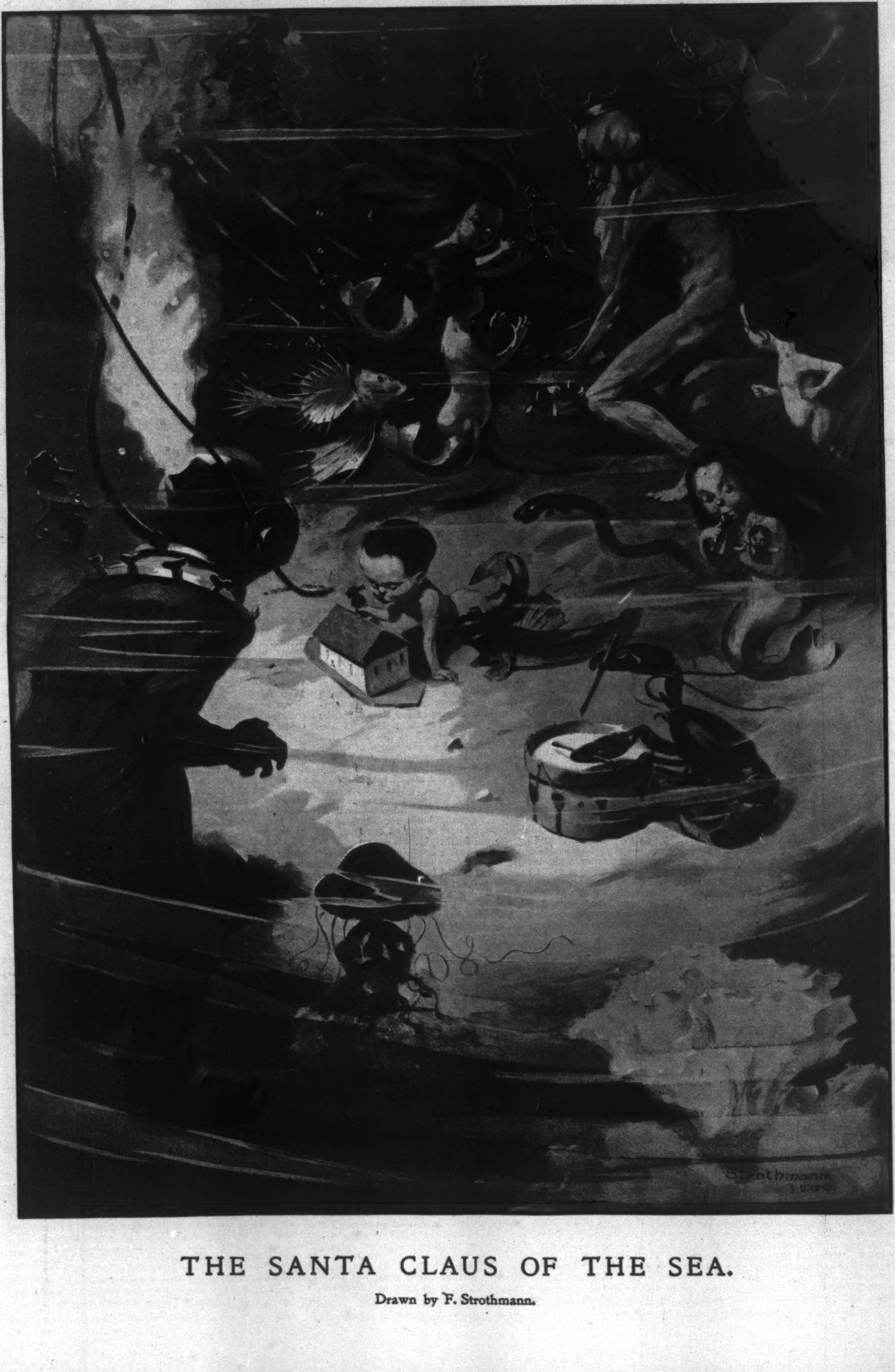
I think the homely reproaches of those returns came trooping back into our memories softly. If there were no ghosts in Christmas it would be as prosaic and new as any other festival. I suppose the "old woman" comes into it silently in her black silk frock and sits there with her hands crossed in spite of us, as if to remind us that on our mortal side Christmas begins with woman, or it may be only to touch us with gentle reminders of the inexpressible sadness and mystery of life itself, without a peak of Ascension.

I wonder how many old women there were who baked and basted and then sat waiting in their black silk frocks for the broods to come back on Christmas—the broods that never came. Not many, I hope. There was a finer sorrow reserved for the mothers, and it was to have them come. Certain it is that a holy pathos settled over it as we contemplated it afterwards. We remembered then that the "old woman" could not be as merry as we were. She had little disappointments that she hid from us. How plainly we understood them, after the old silk frock was put away in the cedar chest for the last time! How she must have worked for days with what remained of her skill, to renew the old foolishnesses against the coming! She put brandy in one of her mince pies because John had always liked it, and she left it out of another because Molly always "abominated it." She tried to coax her old gray hair into the three short curls again, which, all of the children would remember, danced in their young faces when she kissed them and sent them off to school. To that tired old heart there was a private joy in stirring these forgotten embers and sitting by the fireside of her mother's love. I dare say, if she was a New England mother, she made a batch of crullers with her own hands, and put them in the same old crock in the pantry, where Frank used to go slyly and steal them away. How often she found the crumbs in between the sheets in the morning, and never mentioned it! She would cook them herself because Frank liked them of "a nice cinnamon brown." It was not quite comprehensible to her that Frank could get beyond the cruller stage, and when she took him to the pantry and pointed, with some flaming up of her old pride, to the crock, she thought that he could at least have made a pretence of his former zest for her sake. But Frank probably laughed carelessly, and said "All right, mother," and went away without thinking of them again, until—well, until he saw the tired old wrists crossed and tied with a white ribbon. Then he wondered why he did not grant her that poor little favor. If he could only have the chance again he would eat all the crullers and sing their praises to the world.

Doubtless when the brood had all gone in different ways again the old man and the old woman felt more lonely than usual. Some of us had brought grandchildren with us, and it was understood that they were to make "a glad noise." But it hardly occurred to us that the heads of the old folk must have ached. It was part of the duty of the day to make merry. The day itself embodied an immeasurable gift. We could not grasp it with our finite reason, so we revelled in it with our finite heart. With such poor largesse as was in us, we let in the venerable myth of Kriss Kringle. We saw the marks on the old chimney-piece where we had hung our stockings. Our children should hang theirs in the same place. On one other day would we have forgiven ourselves that weakness. But Santa Claus should still come through the smoky flue, unsoiled, and pour out his cornucopia—because—well, because something inestimable had at some time come unsmirched through the lowliest channel to all of us. So did we in our clumsy imaginings try to picture forth the giving, and always preferred to think that our good genii would like to come down where the smoke of our fires had gone up.

In those old homes Christmas was never explained away. We let the Kriss Kringle myth take care of itself and grow out of a fantasy into a symbol, and it was very beautiful to see how the fairy part of it—which was only an effort of our kindly fancy to make the superabundant gift of Heaven concrete to little minds—grew to be clearly understood and was carried on to the next generation without any commentaries or foot-notes. Christmas could not have retained its distinctively merry character if we had driven all the ghosts out of it that we had invited into it. They were such kindly, beneficent ghosts. They always forgot that one of the family was a black sheep. They poured their frankincense down the chimney upon the just and the unjust alike, and were very apt to hang some sly laurel on the picture that was turned to the wall. And so, when all the banshees and filmies of our other days went away like that angel choir, we clung to Santa Claus without rhyme or reason, as if his old presents came suddenly to light in our bleak retrospect, and we could not help hanging up a stocking in our maturer faith, with the precious old confidence that it would be filled in spite of all our miserable shortcomings. That in the doing of all this it should somehow set itself to the chimes of young voices—that bubbling forth of the pristine nature—seemed afterwards like the verification of a fairy story that was imbedded in our very consanguinity. But why say a fairy story, when the prescient eye of the Prophet reached our own far boundaries of life and said, "But when he seeth his children, the work of mine hands, in the midst of him, they shall sanctify my name"?

The eve of Christmas always had for us a preludium of little feet. All at once the most sordid and selfish of us felt round instinctively in the dark of our careers for the little hands that were sure to be opening out expectantly into the mystery of life. Somewhere in the dreary calendars of Getting there was one day when we Gave. And that day, to an orphan race, had a cradle in the sky. Mortality, ennuied with death, stopped there and sang of a birth. What wonder that we were merry on such a procreant festival of life, and that all the vital exuberances came out in joyful noises, and we went home for Christmas, trooping back to our origins with a lost song of Nativity stirring again under all our stale faculties, and a deep, soft consciousness flooding us that the amplitude of peace and good will that came down the chimneys came down also on the star-beams over the wide, wide world!



THE SANTA CLAUS OF THE SEA.

Drawn by F. Strothmann.

THE CHRISTMAS 'POSSUM.

Drawn by A. B. Frost.

THE ARMY WAR COLLEGE

BY FRANCIS E. LEUPP

WHEN Secretary Root, in his annual report for 1899, recommended the founding of a war college for the army, a vision rose in the minds of Congress of imposing piles of granite and marble, a vast campus, a gray-locked faculty in cloaks and chapeaux, and a congregation of students glittering in blue and gold, whose boisterous spirits would have to be kept in check by some system of monitorial discipline. The assurance that all this must mean an immediate investment of several more millions and a large addition to the permanent appropriations cast a damper upon the subject at its first suggestion, especially as a general election was impending; so that a sense of glad relief greeted the Secretary's modest request for twenty thousand dollars. It was realized, of course, that this sum was only a provision for the preliminary arrangements, but it was accepted as an earnest that the proposed institution was not to be a mere guide-post on a new road to national bankruptcy.

The fact is, the plans for the war college include scarcely any of the material accessories of a modern university plant. The intimations at first put forth in enthusiastic newspaper articles that the college would be "built" at this place or that, with speculations on the social disadvantages of one site and the climatic advantages of another, were soon proved to have been premature. When it appeared that the institution would be not a mere service school, but rather a central seat of expert authority on great questions of military science, and that the officers detailed for attendance as students would not be put like boys through routine drills in class-rooms and recitation-halls, it became plain that Washington was its natural home. At the capital are now grouped the heads of all the staff bureaus and departments which handle the machinery of war. The Secretary's plan would utilize these men as a corps of instructors, probably with Brigadier-General William Ludlow, of the Engineers, at their head, and fill the quota of students by selection from the most promising of the younger officers in all branches who have had five years of regular service and who wish to complete their higher professional education. As for the work of the college, its chief features would be two: the collection of information and the solution of problems in strategy. The ground-work of a complete system for acquiring and classifying data of the world's advancement in martial matters already exists in the Military Information division of the Adjutant-General's office. Here may be found the latest statistics of the armed strength of the several civilized powers, their methods of recruiting armies, and of equipping, feeding, and transporting troops; the progress of invention in weapons, ammunition, and engineering; the geography and topography of other countries, as well as of our own, with particular reference to offensive and defensive movements, and the like. In the domain of strategy belongs the broader consideration of questions arising in warfare, the conduct of military operations as distinguished from the mere management of a force of men, and field manœuvres on a large scale in the presence of an enemy.

Theory and practice are two different things, in war as elsewhere; but military science is now reduced to so fine a point that, given certain factors, it is possible to map out a campaign as the skilled chess-player maps out a game, forestalling in fancy the moves his adversary may make, and preparing to prevent one and offset another, so as either to bring about a decisive victory or to insure defeat against too serious consequences. War is no longer, in our time, an effort to see which of two combatants can destroy the more lives and property, but a struggle on the part of the aggressive force to gain a certain end with the least practicable expenditure of blood and money, and on the part of the defensive force to raise every possible obstacle to the accomplishment of this purpose. It is not so far out of the question, therefore, as it might appear at a first glance, to set and solve the main problems of war on paper. We saw in the splendid achievements of our navy in 1898 the fruits of this very line of theoretic study, which had been conducted for some years at the Naval War College at Newport; and the conditions of warfare on land are so much more constant and the elements which enter into it so much simpler than those of warfare on the sea, that it would be reasonable to expect equal results from a corresponding course of preparation for the army.

Tributary to this general scheme, the college would naturally make a study of means for the effective co-operation of army and navy in time of war. The lack of such co-operation undoubtedly caused a perilous delay at Santiago two years ago, and that it was not attended by disastrous results was due largely to the bad judgment of the enemy. The next foe who confronts us may be wiser and stronger, so that we cannot afford to take like chances again. Then, we have to thank the good fortune which has stood by our republic for a hundred years that no powerful enemy has taught us by painful lessons the folly of being without any comprehensive plan for the national defence. We never organized an instructed reserve to support the toy army with which we got along for nearly fifty years at one stretch and for thirty at another. At the outbreak of the war with Spain our military authorities had not in mind a site for a general rendezvous, or any notion of what points were best fitted by their surroundings, natural resources, and accessibility for training-camps. Mobilization, which in most countries to-day is studied with as much care for detail as building houses or boring tunnels, was practically an unknown art to us when Minister Polo received his passports. Though boasting a militia one hundred thousand strong, the crisis of 1898 found us without means to convert it bodily into a fighting force for the nation, its enlistment, drill, and discipline having been left almost wholly to the States, where its organization was in the main on social rather than on martial lines.

From what has been said, it appears that the field of usefulness open to the war college is almost limitless. By bringing together as instructors the ablest and most successful officers of all branches of both line and staff, and as students those members of the junior group who have proved themselves exceptionally capable, there would be addressed to each problem as it arose an ideal combination of experience and invention. The older men could tell what devices had been tested and with what varying results, while the younger men, their fresh minds stimulated to suggestion, would supply an element of the highest value in such councils. Mr. Root's plan, however, contemplates a continual infusion of fresh blood into the corps of instructors by limiting their details to four years, and making an instructor ineligible to reassignment till after two years of other duty.

Thus far we have viewed the war college only in its aspect as an institution of learning; but it has another—as a consulting body to which the Secretary of War can turn in emergencies for information or advice. Notwithstanding the rotation in its personnel, it would be a permanent or continuing body, like the United States Senate, or one of the higher courts of law, or a corporation with an unlimited charter in the business world. It could keep fully abreast of the times in the art of war, and revise its own estimates and conclusions so as to adapt them to changed conditions without impairing its stability as an expert tribunal. Presidents might come and Secretaries go at comparatively brief intervals, subject to the whims of popular politics; but the college could continue its work without interruption as the brains of the military establishment, no matter what fate befell the physical members.

The project of a war college is not a new one with our army. For several years the more experienced officers, and those who have studied foreign military systems, have deplored our lack of such an institution, but the time has not seemed ripe for a beginning in the concrete. Possibly this has not been an unqualified misfortune. Neither Congress nor people were prepared to appreciate a war college till they knew more about real war than they did two years ago. Nor has the interval of peace since Appomattox been wholly barren of improved educational facilities for the army. Not only has the curriculum at West Point been strengthened in various directions, but officers in the field have received special instruction in both theory and practice at the several service schools, of which the oldest and best known is that at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, established in the winter of 1881-82. One of the last official acts of General Sherman before his retirement was to set this school in motion, and he lived to see it graduate five classes. It was at first styled a "School of Application for Cavalry and Infantry," and doubtless intended to make theoretical instruction secondary to practical application. This is indicated in a letter which Sherman wrote to Sheridan under date of November 22, 1881:

"I want this new school to start up with the doctrine that service with troops in the field, in time of peace, is the most honorable of all, and the best possible preparation for high command when war does come, as it always does, suddenly. I don't want to meddle with this new school, or to have it the subject of legislation, because, if this is done, it will, like West Point, be made political, and taken out of our control.

"The school should form a model post like Gibraltar, with duty done as though in actual war, and instruction by books to be made secondary to drill, guard duty, and the usual forms of a well-regulated garrison."

In 1886 the name was changed to "United States Infantry and Cavalry School." It had been discovered that without a thorough knowledge of theory practical application was valueless; hence the new title and the reorganization on a better basis.

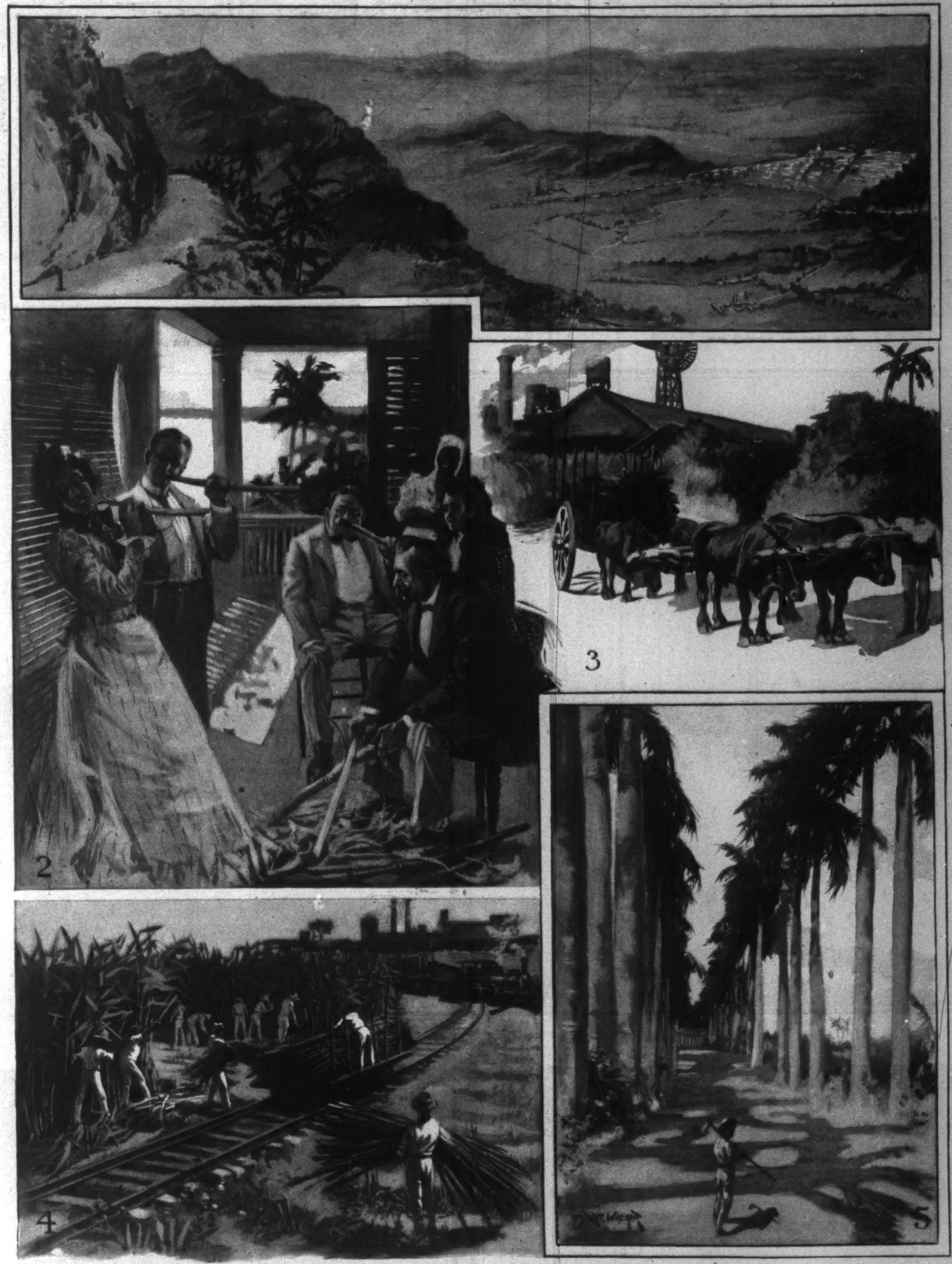
This school has had in its faculty a number of men well known to the public outside of military life. Its first commandant was Elwell S. Otis, recently Governor and commander of the United States troops in the Philippines; another was the late General Thomas H. Ruger, then colonel of the Eighteenth Infantry; still another was Colonel Alexander McDowell McCook, of the Sixth Infantry. The number of students has ranged of late years between forty and fifty, comprising at least one lieutenant from each regiment of infantry and cavalry.

The large reservation at Fort Leavenworth affords peculiar advantages for the solution of military problems in the field, and is an ideal spot for practice in topographical work, such as surveying, mounted road and position sketching, construction of field works, use of range-finders, field telegraphy, and the like. Moreover, its central location makes it readily accessible from all parts of the country.

The main object of the institution, when it was founded, was to remedy the educational defects of certain officers appointed from civil life or promoted from the ranks, and accordingly the members of the earliest classes were examined, on reporting for duty, in grammar, arithmetic, geography, history, algebra, and geometry. Those who showed themselves proficient in everything were assigned to the first class, and the rest to the second, where the bulk of the work was merely a somewhat advanced study of the same branches, together with rudiments of military and international law, surveying, signalling, telegraphy, etc. It soon became plain, however, that it was a waste of energy and time to try to pull inefficient officers abreast of those who were capable. So the assignments were limited to promising men, the common-school studies were dropped, the student officers were grouped in one class, whose course was extended through two years, with semi-annual examinations, and systematized practical instruction in minor tactics was introduced for the first time in the United States.

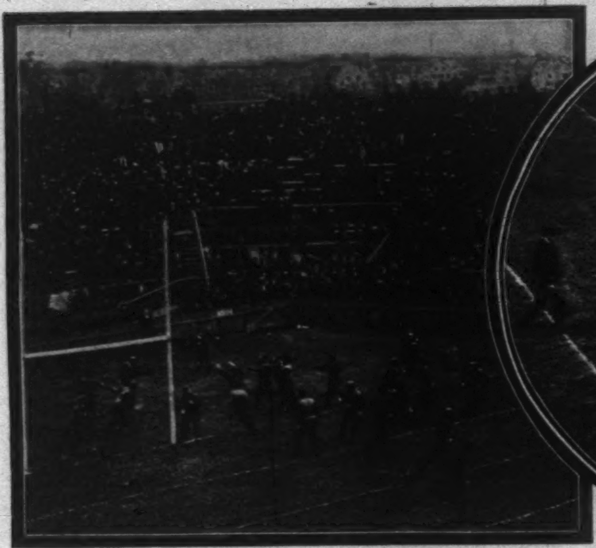
As an illustration of the thoroughness of the work done, the school is divided into seven departments: military art, engineering, law, infantry, cavalry, artillery, and military hygiene. In the department of military art the student is instructed in military policy and institutions, strategy, tactics, mixed operations, military geography, military administration, didactic study of campaigns and battles, and practical tactical exercises and Kriegspiel; in engineering he studies plane surveying and military topography, field fortification, field engineering, signalling, range and position finding, building superintendence, and photography, and so on. The grading for merit is on a scale of three—distinguished, proficient, and deficient. Each student who passes through a course successfully receives a diploma signed by the commandant and staff. Those students who stand at the head of a class at graduation are known as "honor graduates." A record is kept of the name of every student showing marked proficiency and entitled to honors, and the professional employments for which he appears especially qualified.

Besides the Fort Leavenworth school, there is one for artillery at Fort Monroe, Virginia, one for cavalry and light artillery at Fort Riley, Kansas, and one for engineers at Willets Point, New York. The war with Spain and its sequel in the Philippines have absorbed all the available officers and left none to act either as instructors or as pupils. When more peaceful conditions return exercises at the service schools will be revived. The schools will cease, however, to work independently, and will be incorporated into the war colleges as civil colleges are grouped in a university. It is probable that the sifting of the junior officers, and the selection of those who shall be detailed as students at the Washington headquarters of the war college, will be made from the graduate ranks of the service schools. Every full graduate of the war college will receive a certificate of proficiency signed by the President and Secretary of War, and have this distinction indicated in the Army Register; and when the next war occurs it will be from these honor men, with due regard to the specialties in which they have made their mark, that the President will choose the handful of officers needed for the chief places of responsibility.



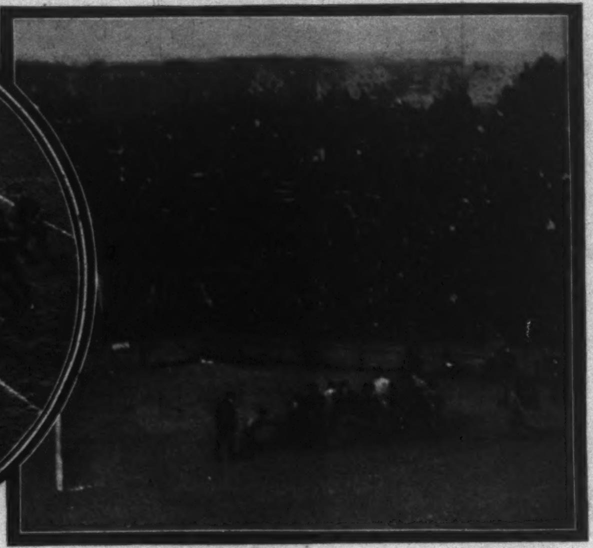
WINTER IN PORTO RICO—SUGAR-MAKING

1. Bird's-Eye View of the Lowlands on the Southern Coast of the Island, almost wholly devoted to Sugar-planting. 2. Tasting the freshly cut Sugar-Cane. 3. Carrying Sugar-Cane to the Mill. 4. Modern Methods for quickly handling a big Crop. 5. A typical Approach to the House of a rich Porto Rican.



Ellis, Harvard, Punting out.

Yale's perfect Defence.



Yale making the first Touch-down.

Yale's "Tackles-back" Formation,— the Play that won the Game.

Hale, Yale, Kicking the first Goal.

A Yale Play around the End.

THE HARVARD-YALE FOOTBALL GAME, NEW HAVEN, NOVEMBER 24, 1900.

Yale 28, Harvard 0.

THIS BUSY WORLD

BY E. S. MARTIN

As a result of listening to many after-dinner speeches and reading many newspaper paragraphs, all extolling him and holding him up to public admiration, Mark Twain says that he is almost persuaded that he is as excellent a person as his admirers make out. One should not always believe all one hears or reads about one's self. Uptown at this writing they are taking down Cousin George Dewey's arch, though Cousin George himself has been left standing, and has stout legs and a glorious record to support him. If he had ever believed that he was as egregious a demigod as public clamor at one time insisted that he was, he might grieve at the arch's disappearance, whereas, as it is, he probably rejoices to see it go, because it makes it possible for him to come to town without embarrassment. As for our brother Mark, all that has been said in his praise seems not to have persuaded him that his record is complete or his obligations to society fulfilled. He has come home from Europe with new ideas of public duty, which he has illustrated by lodging a complaint against a cabman who charged him $1 50 for a service that one dollar should have paid for. Other folks in New York don't do that sort of thing because it is too much trouble and takes too much time. If they did, public confidence in cab-drivers would be greatly stimulated and public patronage of cabs would increase.

SEVERAL years ago the authorities of Harvard University deliberately set about trying to make academic distinctions more honorable and better worth winning. The fame of the university athletes so completely eclipsed the fame of the university scholars that it was felt that something ought to be done to make honors easier. In pursuance of a plan then formed and since pursued a public meeting was held the other night (November 21) in the Sanders Theatre, at which announcement was made of all the intellectual goals that had been kicked during the last twelve months. The lists of scholars of the first group and of the various prize-winners were published, and Senator Hoar made a speech. He told the young men what a good thing a liberal education was, and how it mitigated the drawbacks of poverty, sickness, and inherited wealth. High thinking, he said, was expected in high places; the work of educated men had to be done with the brain, and football and athletics, though manly sports, belong to the period of youth and do not develop the brain. He said we heard much nowadays of the strenuous life, and intimated that we heard too much of it. To fill high places one had to command good English, good speaking, the use of a foreign tongue, and good reasoning, and these things college men usually got in college if they got them at all. "The great things," said the Senator, "are done by men of ordinary, natural capacity, who have done their best; done their best by never wasting time."

FOOTBALL is not nearly as much disparaged as it was four or five years ago. It has won its place clearly enough, and is held in immense esteem. Yet the public attitude towards it seems to have grown healthier, and the game itself is somewhat healthier than it was. Most observers will agree that it is a good game for nearly all little boys, and for a good many big ones; but, as Senator Hoar says, it belongs to the period of youth. As played by selected lads of twenty and upwards it seems to call for an enormous expenditure of energy, and the energy is of a sort that one would estimate in horse-powers, rather than in terms suited to measure mental things. Some parents doubtless grudge so great an expenditure of their sons' strength in the attainment of mere physical velocity and force of impact, but everything is comparative, and one cannot say that any given lad is wasting himself on football without considering what he is getting, and in what direction his energies would be likely to turn if they were withdrawn from the gridiron. Even if it is true that the game doesn't develop the brain—and that may be disputed—that need not condemn it, for the brain may have its turn at development after Thanksgiving every year, and the qualities that football is supposed to develop—resolution, courage, energy, good temper—would be worth some sacrifice of brain development to acquire. So far as the game makes character it is worth the time and strength it takes, no matter what they are borrowed from. So far as it promotes health and strength it is worth a good deal. So far as it keeps impetuous youth out of mischief and dissipation it is highly useful. If it gets its own and no more there is nothing to complain of. Parents whose sons are on a university football team might as well take it for granted that it was in the lads and had to come out, and parents whose sons don't play may remember cheerfully that there are other good things to do.

HORSE-SHOW week in New York was marked in Boston by a vote of the corporation of Harvard to receive no new students in veterinary medicine until further orders. The natural inference from this action is that the automobile is making its presence felt, and that the business of the vets is drifting away in the direction of the machine-shop. That, however, is a rash conclusion. It seems that the Harvard Veterinary School, which has existed for eighteen years, has never had an endowment, and has drawn pretty heavily each year on the university funds to make both ends meet. The school has done well in all particulars except in raising up for itself powerful friends to take a strong, practical pecuniary interest in its continuance. If some one will endow it it will doubtless go on. If not, it will carry its present students through their courses, which will take until June, 1903, and then probably shut up shop. Harvard has never before abandoned a professional school that it had once established. There must be something in the fear of automobile competition in this case.

THERE are several exceptionally interesting items of college news. Dr. D. C. Gilman, for twenty-five years President of Johns Hopkins University, has given notice to his trustees that he has served them as long as he thinks he should, and will soon send in his resignation, to take effect next June. It is a fairly good time for a college President to resign, because there are not just now many Presidencies vacant, but there is probably no time when it would not be a pretty serious problem to fill Dr. Gilman's place. He has been exceedingly successful in his administration of Johns Hopkins. He was born in Connecticut in 1831, graduated at Yale in 1852, devoted five more years to study in New Haven and Europe, became a Yale professor, superintendent of the public schools of New Haven, superintendent of the public schools of Connecticut, and in 1872 President of the University of California. From there three years later he came to Baltimore to help in the organization of Johns Hopkins and to become its President. He has staid by it ever since, and contributed more than any one else to make it famous for its services to advanced education and learned research. His public services, too, have been many and important. He served in 1896 on the Venezuela Boundary Commission, and in 1897 on the commission to draft a new charter for Baltimore. He was a judge at the Centennial Fair in 1876, and has been President of the Board of Trustees of the Slater Fund for the Education of Negroes, a trustee of the Peabody Fund, President of the American Social Science Association, and of the American Oriental Society, a corresponding member of the British Association, and an officer of public instruction in France. He is a LL.D. of many universities, including Harvard and Yale, and has delivered many important addresses, especially on occasions concerned with education, as at the openings of new colleges. Senator Hoar might well have used him, in his address in Cambridge the other day on the value of scholarship, as an example of a useful scholar. He seems to have shared the feeling of President Dwight of Yale that a college President ought to retire while his vigor still remains unimpaired and before any one is ready to have him go. He will be seventy years old next year; that is one consideration. Another is that he has rounded out a quarter of a century of work; a third consideration which may have influenced him is that Johns Hopkins University is still in a critical condition because of the partial failure of its endowment. Money must be raised for it, and the burden of that labor may well fall on younger shoulders.

THERE is trouble in Stanford University over the resignation of Dr. Edward A. Ross, late Professor of Sociology. He made an address last May in which he advocated stringent restriction of coolie immigration. He has also made addresses in which he has discussed the accumulation of immense fortunes, and the probability that public utilities like railroads would pass for a time into State and municipal control. He believes private control to be the more efficient, but has thought that municipal control would be tried for a time because the people did not seem to be getting a fair share of the wealth that they created. Senator Stanford strongly favored Chinese immigration, and doubtless earnestly disbelieved in municipal control of anything that private enterprise could handle. For that reason Professor Ross's views seem to have scandalized Mrs. Stanford. At any rate, she has held court on the professor's case, and he has lost his job, and there is much resulting discussion in California. Some of his fellow-professors are exceedingly displeased, and some of the California newspapers have protested earnestly against his retirement. He is a young man, and is said to be very able, amply trained, severely scientific, and not at all an agitator.

ON November 20 Andover Theological Seminary by unanimous consent of its Visitors and trustees installed Dr. Edward Y. Hincks as Professor of Christian Theology without requiring him to subscribe to the creed of the founders of the seminary. The founders' creed was formulated in 1808, and is expressed in part in language which no longer represents the feelings of most orthodox Congregational Christians on some points of which it treats. The world has moved since that creed was written down, but the creed has not moved with it. Consequently the seminary has had troubles. The men it wanted in its faculty did not want to subscribe to the old creed, and the trustees and Visitors finally declared that the creed was declaratory but not obligatory, and that new professors need not subscribe to it unless they choose. That made trouble, because the trustees and Visitors were not unanimous in their approval of this course, and those who didn't like it insisted that to shirk the creed of 1808 was to cheat the founders of the seminary. Their course was not approved, either, by all the colleges that fed the seminary, and to the feeling that in spiritual matters the seminary was no longer honest is attributed most of that loss of favor which has resulted in a very serious reducing in the number of its students and in some corresponding loss of income. At last, however, for the first time since the seminary was founded, its trustees and Visitors are all in accord about doctrines.

The colleges of the day, too—Bowdoin, Dartmouth, Williams, Amherst, Harvard, Yale, and others—are in sympathy with the theological bent at Andover, and the seminary hopes that its worst days are past. It has not abolished its old creed. It is part of its history and shall be kept safe in its archives, but the test of professors in future shall not be their ability to swallow whole the creed of 1808, but the conviction of the trustees who elect him and the Visitors who approve the election that he is a man of sound and orthodox principles in divinity.

The Democratic party, which is casting about just now in a heart-searching quest for a new plan of salvation, may learn a useful lesson, if it will, from Andover. Let it put the crime of '73 into the cabinet with the creed of 1808, lock the door, lose the key, and let the dead bury their dead. First an indispensable principle, then a war-cry, then a bugaboo, then a curiosity—that is history of many a queer bit of political or theological junk that one finds labelled on some shelf, and thanks Heaven that it can do no more harm.

MAKING light the heart of play-goers seems not to be as conducive to health and longevity as it ought to be. Sir Arthur Sullivan, who did so very much to make the world innocently happy in his generation, is dead at fifty-eight; Gilbert, his coadjutor, whose rhymes have been better known and more quoted in English-speaking countries than the verses of any other poet except Ira D. Sankey and Mother Goose, is sad and out of health at sixty-four, and when he came a month ago to a revival of "Patience" in London, he was wheeled in a Bath chair. Charles H. Hoyt, our countryman, the successful writer of farce-comedies, who made innumerable persons laugh immoderately, and grew rich in doing it, died on November 20 at his country home in Charleston, New Hampshire, aged forty. To laugh, as we know, is the way to grow fat and live long. To make to laugh is apparently a much more serious business and hard work.

One associates Arthur Sullivan with the humorist, because in practice he so associated himself. There must have been humor in his music or it wouldn't have gone with Gilbert's verses. We know that he could and did write serious music when he chose, that he was a master in his profession, and of so wide and honorable a fame that it is possible his bones may rest in Westminster Abbey. Still, if the work that brought him most of his fame and most of his money determines which group of the immortals he belongs with, into the enviable company of the British humorists he must go. A good man gone! Not since Du Maurier died have we in America lost a friend in England who did so much to make us happy.

CONGRESS will be invited during the present session to increase the salaries of the Assistant Secretaries in the various departments in Washington. It seems an invitation very fit to be acted upon. Take the State Department. Mr. Hay, the Secretary, gets $8000. That sum is so prodigiously disproportionate to the value of the services of a valuable Secretary who can make good deals for trade and keep us out of troublesome and expensive foreign complications, that it seems not to be proposed as yet to meddle with it. But there is Dr. Hill, whose affair it is when Mr. Hay has worked himself sick, to take his place and hold us back from wars and scrapes and conduct our foreign relations. He gets $4000 a year. When banktellers in big banks get $4000 a year, we are prone to say "I told you so," after they have sailed away. We think positions of high responsibility and skill should be better paid than that. Dr. Hill ought to get $10,000. It is proposed to pay him $6000. That would be better than $4000. Then there is Mr. Adee, the Second Assistant Secretary of State, a man of vast experience and varied erudition, who knows more about what has been done by the department in time past and how whatever is to be done should be done than any one else. Mr. Adee gets $3500 or $4000. Whichever it is, it isn't enough. Congress should beg Mr. Adee to accept from $6000 to $10,000 annually.

Very likely the most businesslike way would be to have all the departments, and the Post-Office Department especially, run by syndicates or stock companies, who would doubtless give us better results for less money than we pay now. Think what an able corporation like Standard Oil would do with the Post-Office business, and what dividends it would get out of it, and what a vast improvement and cheapening of the service there would be! But if we should arrange matters on that plan, depend upon it the companies that managed the departments would employ highly competent submanagers and would pay them what their services were worth. We don't expect Congress to pay the assistant secretaries what a corporation would pay them, but it should do better than it does now.

MUSIC OF THE SEA.—From the Painting by F. S. Church.

A CENTURY OF ACHIEVEMENT

PAINTING. *By Charles H. Caffin*

THIS is a large subject for a brief article, and some system of rigid selection becomes necessary. Shall its principle be that of names or of tendencies? I choose the latter, mentioning the names of individuals only when they seem to be hinges on which the tendencies turn. The survey will, in fact, be impressionistic, involving only the essentials, and so far as possible showing their relation to one another. For convenience they may be summarized as follows:

1, The Survival of British Traditions (about twenty-five years).
2, The beginning of Indigenous Growth (about forty-five years).
3, The Inrush of Foreign Traditions and Influences.
4, The Gradual Adaptation of these to American Conditions.
5, An Estimate of the Present.

It will be noticed that these topics represent the swing of the pendulum between tradition and environment, the two forces which have met in the formation of every school of painting and have been gradually adjusted. It will also be noticed that the beginning of the inrush of foreign traditions and influences corresponds with the period that conceived and carried out the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia. To bring the matter to a definite head, 1876 may be regarded as the pivot-point in the history of American painting; the seventy-five preceding years being as a preface to the development which then began, and has proceeded since with such marvellous rapidity. And the influences of the exhibition affected not only painting itself, but the attitude of our public towards it.

THE SURVIVAL OF BRITISH TRADITIONS

The hundred years embrace every phase in the evolution of American painting; for though Copley and West were born far back in the previous century, they lived on into this one, dying, respectively, in 1815 and 1820. Before their time such painters as were here had arrived from England or Scotland. Copley, however, was born in Boston; West in Springfield, Pennsylvania. So the national, as distinguished from the imported, art began with them. But there was nothing native in the character of their art. Such influence as they must have received early was British; in accordance with the same they visited Italy, and when they reached England, lived and died there, thoroughly identified with British traditions. Similar, in brief, were the careers of Newton and Leslie; while the other prominent painters of the first quarter of the century, though they worked in America, had been trained in London, either at the Royal Academy schools or under West directly, and in turn imparted to others the same influences. And the latter at this period were not mighty to save.

Reynolds and Gainsborough were dead, and Romney also—inferior to the former two, yet a painter of power. In succession to them were men of mediocre ability, among whom Lawrence, brilliant and superficial, was most conspicuous. The vogue was still for portraiture and historical subjects; the latter, showy, inflated, empty creations, mostly pretension or sentimentality. Their American counterparts, Trumbull's pictures of Revolutionary scenes, for example, had more sincerity, for the patriotic motive was behind them; but it is paralyzed by the dry formalism learned in England. Washington Allston had lofty aspirations, for which only poverty of training failed to find expression. The soundest work from the stand-point of painting was done by Gilbert Stuart, whose capable and dignified portraits still rank high as pictures. And yet there was vitality in English painting, only it existed outside of the favored precincts of the Royal Academy. Old Crowe, Cotman, and Constable, following the Dutch landscapists, were seeking inspiration for their brush in simple rural scenes, and were doing work which is recognized as part of the new movement in landscape art, which culminated in the work of the Barbizon-Fontainebleau painters. Like every other new movement in painting, it was a revolt, conscious or unconscious, from academic traditions and a first-hand study of nature. It is very interesting that, quite independently of these Englishmen, American painters were doing the same thing.

THE BEGINNING OF INDIGENOUS GROWTH

The commencement of native painting was made in landscape. There had been native painters before, but painting distinguishably native in method, spirit, and subject began with the landscape work of Doughty and Thomas Cole, about 1825. Though the latter painted two series of pictures, called "The Voyage of Life" and "The Course of Empire," his position in American art is established by his landscapes, and particularly by those gathered along the banks of the Hudson River. He had followers enough, of whom among the older men Kensett and F. E. Church were the most memorable, to gain for the group a title and vogue as "The Hudson River School." His pupil, Church, sought his subjects wherever nature was grand and startling: in the Andes and the tropics, as well as in the mountains at home.

With our altered standards regarding landscape-painting there is a danger that the part which these earlier men played in building up American art will be underestimated. That modern landscape-painters should disparage them is rank ingratitude, for they struck a chord of interest in the heart of the public which has given landscape a vogue in this country and made it possible for the great results which we shall note presently to have followed. It is forgotten, also, that these landscape-painters were veritable pioneers; forced, through their lack of tradition and examples, to make bricks without straw; to feel their way to expression, with none to guide them. The English had the Dutch to follow; the Americans only their love of nature; and note how differently nature showed to each. England is a country of little distances, garden-like in its order and domesticity, with morsels of peaceful beauty fronting you at every turn. America with its clear atmosphere invites to expansive prospects; it is a country of magnificent distances and extremes of natural effect, and, moreover, its size and grandeur were just what a new nation, that had settled down to a realization of its possibilities, would most appreciate. To the painters and to their public these "panoramic" landscapes most naturally appealed. There is still another reason, not local. The fascination of the Big is instinctive and natural, that of the Little a result of cultivation. Young eyes are always attracted by the imposing; and, so far as experience in landscape-painting was concerned, both the painters and the public of those days were young.

Meanwhile, in genre, William S. Mount sought his subjects in studies of village life: one of the first to perpetuate the memory of scenes and characters that railroads and trolley-cars are rapidly effacing. J. G. Brown, an Englishman, but for fifty years a resident in America, is identified with similar subjects, and has added a gallery of studies of the New York street urchin. With this venerable personality, linking as it does the past with the present, must be mentioned for the same reason Daniel Huntingdon.

Gradually new influences began to make themselves felt. Emanuel Leutze settled in this country. As a professor at Düsseldorf, he had been the teacher of Eastman Johnson, and after his arrival here did much to introduce the methods of that academy and to direct American students thither. Moreover, in 1855 William Morris Hunt, a pupil of Couture in Paris and of Millet at Barbizon, established himself in Boston, and through his influence upon a large number of pupils and the public at large, began to direct attention towards the Barbizon-Fontainebleau artists. As Professor John C. Van Dyke says, "He was the first painter in America who taught catholicity of taste, truth, and sincerity in art, and art in the artist rather than in the subject."

Up to this point the chief interest to the artist had been the subject of his picture, to the public its sole interest. The new teaching emphasized two facts: one, that the point of view of the artist should be different from that of the teller of a story; the other, that the merit of a picture, as a picture, depends upon the way it is painted, the technique displayed, more than upon its subject: just as a musical composition is estimated according to its qualities of melody and harmony, and not by the title which is printed on the first page. The younger men eagerly received this doctrine, and the emigration of students began towards Düsseldorf and Paris.

Meanwhile, another painter had been moving towards the light, though quite independently of others' influence, following only the star of his insatiable longing to discover the true principles of art. This was George Inness, born at Newburg, New York, in 1825. Beyond a few lessons from Regis Gignoux, he received no regular training, and might have settled on his oars and floated along the stream of the Hudson River school. But the instinct of genius whispered that there were higher possibilities, and, as soon as his circumstances permitted, he went to Europe. Thus, in 1850, he came in contact with Corot, Rousseau, Dupré, and the other "men of 1830"; saw their works, discovered their point of view, and studied their methods. He found the various temperaments of these different painters had in common a simple sense of poetry; nature was to them an almost sentient thing, with a sentiment of its own, expressed in subtle manifestations of light and shade and atmospheric effects; having, also, an anatomy and qualities of strength and fibre, clothed with juicy textures; that it was not a mere spectacle to be gazed at, but a friend to be known and studied intimately, inviting to sincerity and truth rather than to superficial expansiveness; just as with human nature it is better to know and love well a few friends than to have a wide circle of acquaintances. He found these painters loved the bits of nature round about their chosen village, but that by fervent sympathy with the scene, and keen study of its essential characteristics, they made their simple subjects majestic, tranquil, tender, or elevating as the scene prompted and their own poetic natures interpreted. It was the "*paysage intime*," the friendly country-side, which they painted; and Inness returned to his own land to do the same; not bringing with him a store of recipes for painting, but a realization of the principles, which through a long series of beautiful pictures he gradually found the means to put in practice for himself. In virtue of his work, the pre-eminent position he holds amongst artists on both sides of the Atlantic, and the influences he has exerted on the painters and public of America, Inness's career is an epoch in the history of native art. It circumscribes a wide arc which connects the old with the new.

Before passing on to the new, mention should be made of the academies and art schools. The oldest of all is the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, founded in 1805, its schools being opened the following year. In 1802 the first steps had been taken towards establishing "The New York Academy of Fine Arts." In 1808 the promoters obtained a charter with the name changed to "The American Academy of Arts." It was not successful and needed reviving in 1816. Then, in 1825, a revolt of the students resulted in the formation of the National Academy of Design. A year previously the Brooklyn Institute had been started. It was not until 1866 that Chicago opened its Academy School, followed three years later by the founding of the School of Design in Cincinnati. The year 1870 saw the establishment of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, and of the Corcoran Art Gallery at Washington, D. C., and the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York.

The new era is ushered in by the organizing of the "Art Students' League" in 1875, and its incorporation in 1878, the same year in which was established the "Society of American Artists."

THE INRUSH OF FOREIGN TRADITIONS AND INFLUENCES

The foreign display of painting, sculpture, and industrial art at the Centennial Exhibition of 1876 revealed to untravelled Americans a new horizon, arousing in painters and public alike a royal discontent of their own products and a determination to emulate the foreigners. By this time, also, students were beginning to return from Germany and Paris; they acted as chorus to the drama of the exhibition. In the following year, 1877, they made their own mark; their pictures at the National Academy Exhibition being so numerous and excellent as to create a profound impression. Thus the rivulet of student emigration Europeward developed rapidly into a stream. Before following it, one may note briefly the effect which the Centennial Exhibition had upon the public's attitude towards painting.

Not unnaturally, foreign pictures became the vogue with those who could afford to buy them, and the dealers, quite reasonably, fostered it. Yet a sprinkling of Americans continued to encourage native painters, and no summary of the century's achievements in painting would be complete without a mention of such names as the following: Henry Ward Beecher, Thomas Wigglesworth, James W. Ellsworth, Potter Palmer, Thomas B. Clarke, William T. Evans, George A. Hearn, Richard H. Halstead, Benjamin Altman, Emerson McMillan, Andrew Carnegie, the Pennsylvania Academy, Chicago Art Institute, and the Century, Union League, and Lotos clubs of New York. But, although these and many others have purchased American pictures, the bulk of wealthy patrons have for twenty-five years left them severely alone. The fact has not been without advantage to the new growth; for the lack of the sunshine of fashion has thrown its strength back into the roots, which have firmly established themselves in the soil; so that the plant is now sturdy, durable, and fit for unlimited expansion. Moreover, the immense number of fine foreign pictures which have found their way into the country and in a variety of ways have been exhibited have contributed to sound knowledge and catholicity of taste.

Paris then became the Mecca of the majority of travelling students. In that great clearing-house of artistic ideas they could learn the latest and study also the older ideals and methods, with quick, questioning spirit rejecting or assimilating according to temperament. Upon their return home they communicated their methods to others who had not studied abroad, so that the distinguishing characteristic of the young painters and not a few of the older ones became a catholic eclecticism. Among the variety of influences which especially tinctured this eclecticism, besides that of the Barbizon-Fontainebleau painters, already alluded to, was the influence of Whistler and Sargent; indirectly exerted, but none the less potent. Of all modern artists one of the most artistic, Whistler, himself an eclectic, has always been the keenest searcher after refinement of style and exquisite subtlety of expression. It is largely due to this painter's authority as an artist that the American student has not exhibited voracity, but discrimination, in his acceptance of foreign teaching. On the other hand, the robustness of Sargent's artistic personality has proved the counteracting tonic. Whistler, unalloyed, to young minds would have meant decadency; but Sargent, like the older man, had doffed his cap to Velasquez; he was a follower of the noblest traditions, and yet has a way with his brush that is unrivalled among modern painters; virile, magnificent, and full of meaning. Whistler has been the cynosure for exquisiteness, Sargent for vigorous expression.

ADAPTATION OF FOREIGN TRADITIONS TO LOCAL CONDITIONS

The qualities mentioned in the last paragraph, in varying degrees of union or separateness, have become the distinguishing characteristics of the way in which the modern American paints, whether it be in figure subjects or landscape. The American section at the Paris Exposition showed a larger average of good painting, in the strict sense of the term, than any other. The ability to paint well has become an American characteristic. As to the existence of something distinguishably American in the spirit and subject of what they paint, one notes a great difference between the landscapists and the painters of the human figure. While the latter with very few exceptions have not yet succeeded in embodying any of the American spirit in their work so that any one could recognize it for American as we recognize the art of Venice to be unmistakably Venetian, the landscape-painters in their close and faithful study of the country they know and love have attained to an individuality of character, many-sided, but American, so that their work differs from the landscapes of any other country. No observant visitor to the Paris Exposition could well miss noticing this fact. The inability to express the native feeling in figure subjects is shown in much of the mural decoration, which has afforded so many opportunities to painters since the Chicago Exposition.

The reference to decoration enables me to allude to a great achievement closely allied to the art of painting, namely, to John La Farge's invention of American glass for windows. His exhibit at the Paris Exposition of 1889 was rewarded with the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor, and obtained the following notice in the report of the international jury: "He is the great innovator, the inventor of opaline glass. He has created in all its details an art unknown before, an entirely new industry, and in a country without traditions he will begin one followed by thousands of pupils filled with the same respect for him that we have for our own masters. To share in this respect is the highest praise that we can give to this great artist."

AN ESTIMATE OF THE PRESENT

If the number of art schools and of museums in which works of art can be studied afford any criterion, we can hardly escape becoming in time an artistic nation. The Art Institute of Chicago and the School of Fine Arts at St. Louis were established in 1879; the Peabody Institute at Baltimore in 1881; the Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, in 1887; the Drexel Institute at Philadelphia in 1890; and the Carnegie Art Institute at Pittsburg in 1896; while the smaller schools and galleries and the schools devoted to industrial art are too numerous to mention. The Society of Western Artists is an important organization; so also the Architectural League, the American Water-Color Society, the New York Water-Color Club, and the National Society of Mural Painters. Thousands of students are pursuing art as a vocation, and hundreds of thousands of the public are yearly frequenting the exhibitions and museums. The American student to-day has no need to go abroad to learn his craft; the means of instruction at home are at least as good as any he can obtain elsewhere. At a later stage of his training Paris will enlarge his horizon, but it is no longer a necessity, and least of all will it supply him with artistic motive. Paris, to-day, is almost without motive even for its own painters. They know how to paint, but they have little or nothing to say. For motive, purpose, and the higher qualities of imagination and conception, to which the technique of painting is merely a vehicle of expression, the American student must rely upon his Americanism. Though it is overlooked, this is really a very trite fact; admirably illustrated in the art of Norway, Denmark, and Holland particularly. They are self-centred communities, and their art is national. Figure-painters, as well as landscapists, find their motives all around them.

A Danish critic at the recent Paris Exposition, who had also been a commissioner at the World's Fair, and therefore could form an estimate of the progress made by Americans, expressed the opinion that, if the rate of progress were maintained for another ten years, American painting would lead the world. He meant, I believe, that in technique our painters are already in the front rank, and that progress in the future will depend upon what they have to say catching up with their ability to say it. When the national environment stimulates the artists, as it already does the workers in other fields, the supremacy of American art will be assured.

YOU are in the workshop of Santa Claus. The air is heavy with the dust of action, for these are busy times. All about are the aids and assistants of the Patron Saint of Christmastide. And a strange company they make.

There, looming out of the dim atmosphere, stands a row of noisy, champing monsters, all bent over in the queerest shapes and curves. Turning neither to the right nor the left, they are steadily biting great mouthfuls out of shining sheets of tin. Their appetites and capacities are appalling. Observant attendants, grimy with sweat, are feeding the monsters. From daylight to dark the process goes on, and sometimes it continues until well after midnight. But the monsters never seem to get enough. The champing of their steel jaws jars and shakes the workshop and keeps the dust floating. At their feet are great baskets and boxes filled to the brim and overflowing with such an array of spoils as would make the little girl down in the city gasp with delight. Plates and cups and saucers, spoons and knives and forks, and stoves, and horses and cows, and wagons, and kitchens. Hundreds of thousands, all gleaming and shining in a way that defies the dust and the gloom. Each time a steel jaw goes down—and they go down at the rate of about two hundred times a minute—new treasure appears bitten clean and perfect out of the shining tin sheets.

Over in the corner yonder a half-dozen or more tiny green flames are licking the air, curling in and out, appearing and disappearing in a way that is strangely suggestive of uncanny things. These flames have their attendants just like the champing monsters, black-faced creatures with smutted hands and clothes until you wonder if they ever were washed. These persons are pushing wicked-looking irons in and out of the green flames in a manner so energetic that you imagine their very lives must depend upon their agility. Closer inspection shows that when they take an iron out they pass it deftly about two of the bright shapes that the monsters have formed, and there appears in a twinkling before your astonished eye a finished horn, or a round-bellied horse, or a fat, overgrown elephant, or any other one of a dozen wonders.

Scurrying back and forth, carrying traps and baskets and wheeling trucks, are half a dozen or more juvenile attendants. All is hurry, rush, and noise, and to add to the racket there is a steady cannonade of shrill and deep-toned blasts. These come from the attendants who test the trumpets before they are thrown in the towering heap.

In Europe there has been very little change in the process of toy manufacturing. There practically everything is still made by hand. The workers earn sums as pitiful as did their predecessors. The American toy-makers, on the other hand, earn very fair wages. A single adult here will make twice as much in a week as a whole family of toy-makers get on the other side.

It is only through the introduction of machinery that the American has been able to compete with the foreigner and his handiwork. The development in this machinery has kept pace with the general development of mechanical appliances on this side of the water, and the result is that the trade has learned to depend more and more upon local production. Only a few years ago comparatively all the toys sold in the American market were imported from Germany, Switzerland, and France. To-day the importations are confined to Noah's arks, dolls, a cheaper class of china dishes, and a few other specialties. Some tin toys are still brought over, but the market for them is growing more and more contracted. American tin toys are now produced about as cheaply, thanks to the improved appliances. And they are much more durable and better finished in every way.

The two principal tin-toy factories in the United States are located in Greater New York. One is in Crosby Street, just back of the site where Niblo's Garden stood, at Broadway and Prince Street. The other is over in Brooklyn. These two concerns produce annually millions of separate pieces, and they are able, despite the wages they pay, to sell them at a figure that makes the German toys look almost expensive by comparison. Sets of five and six pieces, packed in a pasteboard box, retail for five cents. The manufacturer gets about two cents for his product.

Wooden toys, too, are now made almost exclusively over here. The only notable exceptions are the Noah's arks with their weird-looking occupants. The ark people and their animal friends are all whittled by hand by German peasants and the dwellers in such towns as Nuremburg. They come here by the hundreds of thousands each year. So far no machine has been invented that can compete with the hand-work on a satisfactory basis. The more substantial articles, however, such as toy wash-sets, furniture, hobby-horses, etc., are now made exclusively in America. The pieces are cut out by machines and put together by deft hand-workers.

Probably the most wonderful results are achieved in the creation of pewter toys. There are pewter parlor suits, wonderful creations upholstered in plush, and stamped with the most elaborate designs. They are sold at prices so low that it seems incredible that any profit can be made either by the manufacturer, the jobber, or the retailer. The pewter-toy industry was introduced in this country fifty years ago by an Italian named Pia, who learned his trade in Switzerland. He started out in a small way, and for a long time was unable to make any progress against the foreign production, owing to the difference in the price of labor. Gradually, however, he managed to find machinery to help him out, with the result that this branch to-day is one of the most important of the American toy trade. The metal pieces are still all cast by hand in brass and steel moulds. The pieces come out of these moulds in the flat, and are then passed into stamping-machines that produce at one stroke a perfectly shaped rocking-chair or sofa, upholstered in the most gorgeous fashion. The foreigners still stuff their upholstered toys with sawdust. The American has invented a machine that shapes a piece of straw board into a swelling cushion. The same action of the machine that shapes the board also covers it with plush. The inventor of this machine received a thousand dollars for his patent. The chief pewter-toy establishment in America and the world is conducted to-day by the descendants of the Italian who brought the art over here. Their factory is located in one of the most congested districts of the lower East Side in New York. It employs over sixty-five people, and during the rush period this force is often at work from seven in the morning until midnight. Almost everything under the sun is produced. There are pewter baby-carriages, doll-swings, go-carts, ice-water sets, and a host of others. Casters form one of the staple articles. Thousands upon thousands of these are turned out every year for the holiday trade. They are perfect in every respect. The glass bottles are accurately stoppered; the stands are carefully polished. Yet some of these casters retail for as little as ten cents, which means that the manufacturer gets about six cents. A set of dishes comprising a half-dozen small pieces is retailed at five cents and brings the manufacturer two and a half cents. In spite of this there must be a fairly good profit in the trade, as all the hands seem to enjoy a reasonable amount of prosperity. It is estimated that the total production of pewter toys amounts to about one hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year. This represents an output in round numbers of five or six million pieces.

The total value of trade in toys has grown to tremendous proportions. Accurate figures are not attainable, but experts estimate that the American people buy annually between $15,000,000 and $20,000,000 worth. Of this sum about one-third goes to foreign markets. To offset this importation the domestic manufacturers have begun to invade the European markets. Iron toys, which we make better than any nation in the world, are sent in large quantities, especially to England. Our tin toys, too, are beginning to make their way abroad, thanks to their general superiority. In games the American controls almost absolutely, for the reason probably that we are the greatest "game-fiends" on earth.

Between five and six million games are turned out every year, and most of them remain in the United States. Many of these games are variations on checkers. Scores of people are busily at work day in and day out devising new games. Few things are more profitable than a successful invention in this line. Dr. George H. Monks, of Boston, who invented the game of "Halma," has received over $25,000 in royalties during the past twelve years.

The centre of the toy trade is in New York city. The factories, representing an investment of perhaps $3,000,000, are scattered throughout Connecticut, Rhode Island, Pennsylvania, and a few other States. But the selling is done almost exclusively from the metropolis. Formerly there was not much activity in the trade, except in the months of September, October, November, and December. Now the activity is continuous. The manufacturers get their designs ready so that they can begin work immediately after the Christmas rush is over. In February the buyers start for the European markets to lay in their stock of imports. On April 1 the drummers take the road here with trunks packed with samples. They sell for July and August delivery. In September the great rush sets in, and by the end of October the factories are running night and day to fill late orders.

There is no record of any millionaire in the toy trade, but there are any number of men who have made snug fortunes. One family of famous retailers have built up big establishments in New York, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Boston. The head of the house is reputed to be worth over $200,000. But the bulk of the retail trade is now handled by the department stores, and outside of the cities named there are no important retail establishments that handle toys exclusively. Several efforts have been made to establish such a concern on a large scale in Chicago, but they have all failed.

PAUL LATZKE.

Making Drums.

Casting Dolls' Heads.

Putting in Dolls' Eyes.

Painting Tin Toys by Machinery.

A Respite for Luncheon.

Casting Pewter Toys.

MAKING TOYS FOR THE CHRISTMAS TRADE.

"THIS CHIMNEY WELL FILLED MEANS A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL!"

WHENCE THE SONG. *By Theodore Dreiser*

ALONG Broadway, in the height of the theatrical season, but more particularly in that laggard time from June to September, when the great city is given over to those who may not travel and actors seeking engagements, there is ever to be seen a certain representative figure, now one individual and now another, of a world so singular that it might well engage the pen of a Balzac or that of a Cervantes. I have in mind an individual whose high hat and smooth Prince Albert coat are still a delicious presence. In his coat lapel is a ruddy boutonnière—in his hand a novel walking-stick. His vest is of a gorgeous and affluent pattern; his shoes shining new and topped with pearl-gray spats. He is the cynosure of all eyes, the envy of all men. He is the successful author of the latest popular song.

Any fair day during the period of his artistic elevation he is to be seen. Past the rich shops and splendid theatres he betakes himself with leisurely grace. In Twentieth Street he may turn for a few moments, but it is only to say good-morning to his publishers. In Twenty-eighth Street, where range the host of those who rival his successful house, he stops to talk with lounging actors and ballad-singers. Well-known variety stars nod to him familiarly. Women whose sole claim to distinction lies in their knack of singing a song smile in greeting as he passes. Occasionally there comes the figure of a needy ballad-monger, trudging from publisher to publisher with an unavailable manuscript, who turns upon him in passing the glint of an envious glance. To these he is an important figure, satisfied as such with their envy as with their praise; for is not this also his due—the reward of all who have triumphed?

I have in mind another figure, equally singular—a rouged and powdered little maiden, rich in feathers and ornaments of the latest vogue, gloved in blue and shod in yellow, pretty, self-assured, daring, and even bold. There has gone from her all the traditional maidenly reserve you would expect to find in one so young and pleasing, and yet she is not evil. The daughter of a Chicago butcher, you knew her when she first came to the city, a shabby, wondering little thing, clerk to a music-publisher transferring his business East, and all eyes for the marvels of life.

Gradually the scenes and superlatives of elegance, those showy men and women coming daily to secure or sell songs, have aroused her longings and ambitions. Why may not she sing—why not she be a theatrical celebrity? She will. The world shall not keep her down. That indescribable company designated as *they*—whose hands are ever against the young—shall not hold her back.

Behold, she had gone, and now, elegant, jingling with silver ornaments, hale and merry from good living, has returned. To-day she is playing at one of the vaudeville houses. To-morrow she leaves for Pittsburg. Her one object is still a salary of one hundred and fifty a week and a three-sheet litho. of herself in every window and upon the bill-boards.

"I'm all right now," she will tell you, gleefully. "I'm 'way ahead of the knockers. They can't keep me down. You ought to have seen the reception I got in Pittsburg. Say! it was the biggest yet."

Blessed be Pittsburg, which has honored one who has struggled so hard, and you say so.

"Are you here for long?"

"Only this week. Come up and see my turn. Hey, cabbie!"

A passing cabman turns in close to the walk with considerable alacrity.

"Take me to Proctor's. So long. Come up and see my turn to-night."

This is the woman singer—the complement of the male of the same art—the couple who make for the acceptation and spread of the popular song, as well as the fame of its author. They sing them in every part of the country; and here in New York, returned from a long season on the road, form a very important portion of this song-writing, song-singing world—they and the authors and the successful publishers. But we may simplify by yet another picture.

In Twenty-seventh or Twenty-eighth Street, or anywhere along Broadway from Madison to Greeley Square, are the parlors of a score of publishers; gentlemen who co-ordinate this divided world for song-publishing purposes. There are an office and a reception-room, a music-chamber where songs are tried, and a stock-room. Perhaps, in case of the larger publishers, the music-rooms are two or three, but the air of each is much the same. Rugs, divans, imitation palms, make this publishing-house more studio, however, than office. Three or four pianos give to each chamber a parlorlike appearance. The walls are hung with the photos. of celebrities, elegantly framed—celebrities of the kind described. On the floors are thick carpets and rugs, in the private music-rooms rocking-chairs. A boy or two serve to bring *professional* copies at a word. A salaried pianist or two wait to *run over pieces* which the singer may desire to hear. Arrangers wait to make orchestrations or *take down* the melody which the popular composer cannot play. He has evolved the melody by a process of whistling, and must have its fleeting beauty registered before it escapes him forever. Hence the salaried arranger.

Into these parlors come the mixed company of this distinctive world—authors who have or have not succeeded; variety artists who have some word from touring fellows or who know the firm-masters of small bands throughout the city, of which the name is Legion; orchestra leaders of Bowery theatres and uptown variety halls and singers.

Along Broadway.

"You haven't a song that will do for a tenor, have you?"

The inquirer is a little, stout, ruddy-faced Irish boy from the gas-house district. His common clothes are not out of the ordinary here, but they mark him as, possibly, a non-professional seeking free copies.

"Yes—let me see. For what do you want it?"

"Well, I'm from the Arcadia Pleasure Club. We're going to give a little entertainment next Wednesday, and we want some songs."

"Certainly. Wait till I call the boy. Harry! Bring me some professional copies of ballads."

The youth is probably a representative of one of the many Tammany pleasure organizations, the members of which are known for their propensity to gather about east and west side corners at night and sing. One or two famous songs are known to have secured their start by the airing given them in the night on these corners.

Upon his heels treads a lady, whose ruffled sedateness marks her as one unfamiliar with this half-musical, half-theatrical atmosphere.

"I have a song I would like to have you try over if you care to."

The attending publisher hesitates before even extending a form of reception.

"What sort of a song is it?"

"Well, I don't exactly know. I guess you'd call it a sentimental ballad. If you'd hear it I think you could—"

"We are so overstocked with songs now that I don't think there would be much use in our hearing it. Could you come in next Tuesday? We'll have more leisure then, and can give it more attention."

The lady looks the failure she has scored, but retreats, leaving the ground clear for the chance arrival of the real author—the individual whose position is attested by one hit or mayhap many. His due is that deference which all publishers, if not the public, feel called upon to render even if at the time he may have no reigning success.

"Hello, Frank! how are you? What's new?"

The author may know of nothing in particular.

"Sit down. How are things with you, anyhow?"

"Oh, so-so."

"That song of yours will be out Friday. We'll have a rush order on it."

"Is that so?"

"Yes; and I've got good news for you: Windom is going to sing it next year with the minstrels. He was in here the other day and thought it was great."

"I'm glad of that."

"That song's going to go all right. You haven't got any others, have you?"

"No, but I've got a tune. Would you mind having one of the boys take it down for me?"

"Certainly not. Here, Harry, call Hatcher."

Now come the pianist and a rehearsal in the private room. The favored author may have piano and pianist for an indefinite period. Lunch with the publishers awaits him if he remains until noon. His song, when ready, is heard with attention. The orders which make for its publication are rushed. His royalties are paid with that rare smile which accompanies the payment of anything. He is to be petted, conciliated, handled with gloves.

At his heels, perhaps, is the other author, equally successful, but almost intolerable from certain marked eccentricities of life and clothing. He is a negro—small, slangy, strong in his cups, but able to write a good song—occasionally a truly pathetic ballad.

"Say, where's that gem of mine?"

"What?"

"That effusion."

"What are you talking about?"

"That audience-killer—that there thing that's going to sweep the country like wild-fire—that there song."

Much laughter and apologies.

"It will be here Saturday."

"Thought it was to be here last Monday."

"So it was, but the printer didn't get it done. You know how those things are, Gussie."

"I know. Gimme twenty-five dollars."

"What are you going to do with it?"

"Never you mind. Gimme twenty-five bones. To-morrow's rent day."

Twenty-five is given as if it all were a splendid joke. Gussie is a bad negro—one day radiant in bombastic clothing, the next wretched from dissipation and neglect. He never accepts royalty. All his songs are sold outright.

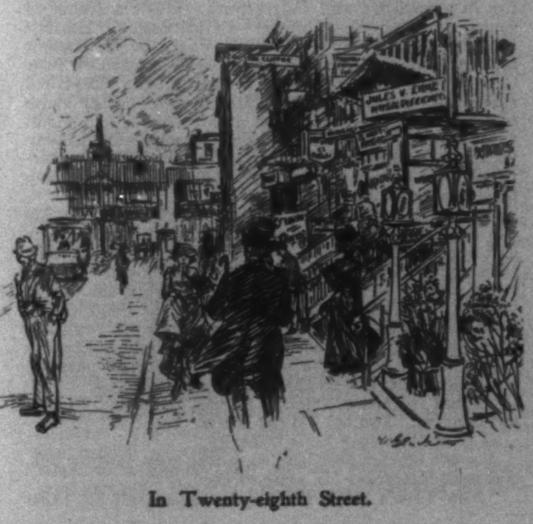
"I wouldn't take no royalty," he announces with mellow negro emphasis. "Doan' want it. Too much trouble. All I want is a little money now and then when I need it."

Seeing that nearly every song that he writes is successful, this is a most equitable arrangement. He could have several thousand instead of a few hundred, but being shiftless, he does not care. Ready money is the thing with him—twenty or fifty when he needs it.

And then the "peerless singers of popular ballads," as their programmes announce them; men and women whose pictures you will see upon every song sheet, their physiognomy underscored with their own written "Yours, sincerely"—every day they are here, arriving and departing, carrying the latest as to songs to all parts of the land. These are the individuals who, in their own estimation, "make" the songs the successes they are. In all justice they have some claim to the distinction. One such, raising his or her voice nightly in a melodic interpretation of a new ballad, may, if the music be catchy, bring it so thoroughly to the public ear as to cause it to begin to sell. These gentlemen and ladies are not unaware of their services in the matter, nor slow to voice their claims. In flocks and droves they come, whenever good fortune brings "*the company*" to New York, or the end of the season causes them to return, to tell of their success and pick new songs for the ensuing season. Then, indeed, is the day of the publishers' volubility and grace. These gentlemen must be attended to with deference, which is the right of the successful. These ladies must be praised and cajoled.

"Did you hear about the hit I made with 'Sweet Katie Leary' in Pittsburg? I knocked 'em cold. Say! it was the biggest thing on the bill."

The publisher may not have heard of it. The song, for all the uproarious success depicted, may not have sold an extra copy, and yet this is not for him to say. Has the lady a good voice? Is she with a good company? He may so ingratiate himself that she will yet sing one of the newer compositions into popularity.



In Twenty-eighth Street.

The successful Author of the latest popular Song.

A Rehearsal in the Private Room.

"Was it? Well, I am glad to hear it. You have the voice for that sort of a song, you know. I've got something now, though, that will just suit you. Oh, a dandy! It's by Harry Welch."

The singer may but smile indifferently for this flood of geniality. Secretly her hand is against all publishers. They are out for themselves. Successful singers must mind their P's and Q's. She demands an arrangement by which she shall receive a stated sum per week for singing a song. The honeyed phrases are well enough for beginners, but we who have succeeded need something more.

"Let me show you something new. I've got a song here that is fine. Come into the music-room. Charlie, get a copy of 'Just Tell Them That You Saw Me.' I want you to play it over for Miss Yaeger."

The boy departs and returns. In the exclusive music-room sits the singer, critically listening while the song is played.

"Isn't that a pretty chorus?"

"Yes. I like that."

"It would suit your voice exactly. I think that's one of the best songs we have published in years."

"Have you the orchestration?"

"Yes. I'll get you that."

Somehow, however, the effect has not been satisfactory. The singer has not enthused. He must try other songs and give her orchestrations of many. Perhaps out of all she will sing one. That is the chance of the work.

As for her point of view, she may object to the quality of anything except that for which she is paid. It is for the publisher to see whether she is worth subsidizing or not. If not, perhaps another house will see her merits in a different light. Yet she takes the songs and orchestrations along.

Your male singer is a bird of the same fine feather. If you wish to see the ideal of dressiness as exemplified by the gentlemen of the road, see these individuals arrive at the office of the publishers. The radiance of half-hose and neck-ties is not outdone by the sprightliness of the suit pattern or the glint of the stone in the shirt front. Fresh from Chicago or Buffalo they arrive, rich in self-opinion, fostered by rural praise, perhaps possessed of a new droll story, always loaded with the details of the hit they made.

"Well, well, you should have seen how that song went in Baltimore. I never saw anything like it. Why, it's the hit of the season."

New songs are forth-coming, a new batch delivered for his service next year.

Is he absolutely sure of the estimation in which the house holds his services? You will hear a sequel to this. Not this day, perhaps, but a week or a month later, during his idle summer in New York.

"You haven't twenty-five handy you could let me have, have you?"

Into the publisher's eye steals the light of wisdom and decision. Is this individual worth it? Will he do the songs of the house twenty-five dollars' worth of good next season? Blessed be fate if there's a partner to consult. He will have time to reflect.

"Well, George, I haven't it right here in the drawer, but I can find out. I always like to consult my partner about these things, you know. Can you wait until this afternoon?"

Of course the applicant can wait, and betweenwhiles are conferences and decisions. All things considered, it may be advisable to do it.

"We will get twenty-five out of him, anyhow. He's got a fine tenor voice. You never can tell what he might do."

So a pleasant smile and the money may be waiting when he returns.

There are cases when not even so much delay can be ventured—where a hearty "Sure!" must be given. This is to that lord of the stage whose fame as a singer is announced by every minstrel bill-board as the "renowned barytone Mr. Calvin Johnson," or some such. Alas, also there is the less important type who has overmeasured his importance. For him the solemn countenance and the suave excuse, at an hour when his need is greatest. Lastly, there is the substrata applicant in tawdry, make-believe clothes, whose want peeps out of every seam and pocket. His day has never been as yet, or, mayhap, was and is over. He has a pinched face, a livid hunger, a forlorn appearance. Shall he be given anything? Never! We cannot afford it. It is enough if we look after those of whose ability we are absolutely sure. Therefore he must slop the streets in old shoes and thin clothing, waiting.

Out of such tragedies, however, spring occasional successes. They do not understand why fate should be against them—why they should be down. Oh, the bitterness of it; the hardness of the world!

"I'll write a song yet," is the dogged, grim decision. "I'll get up, you bet."

Once in a while the threat is made good, some mood

"In the exclusive Music-Room sits the Singer, critically listening."

allowing. Strolling along the by-streets, ignored and self-commiserated, the mood seizes him. Words bubble up and a melody, some crude commentary on the contrasts, the losses or the hopes of life, rhyming, swinging as they come, straight from the heart. Now it is for pencil and paper—quick! Any old scrap will do—the edge of a newspaper, the back of an envelope, the edge of a cuff. Written so, the words are safe, and the melody can be whistled until some one will take it down. Thus is born the great success—the land-sweeping melody, selling by hundreds of thousands, and netting the author a thousand a month for a year.

The humors of it come with the possible strike. Before, he was commonplace, hungry, envious, wretchedly clothed. After it he is the extreme of the reverse. Do not talk to him of other authors who have struck it once, had their little day, and gone down again, never to rise. He is for the sunlight and the bright places. No clothing too showy or too expensive. No jewelry too rare. Broadway is the place for him—the fine cafés and rich hotel lobbies. What are other people? Ha! they looked down upon him, did they? They sneered—eh? Would not give him a cent? Let them come and look now. Let them stare in envy. Let them make way. He is a great man and the world knows it. The whole country is making acclaim over that which he has done.

For the time being this little theatre of song writing and publishing is for him the all-inclusive of life's importances. From the street organs at every corner is being ground the *one* melody, so expressive of his personality, into the ears of all men. In the vaudeville houses and cheaper concert-halls men and women are singing it nightly to uproarious applause. Parodies are made and catch-phrases coined—all speaking of his work. Newsboys whistle and old men pipe its peculiar notes. Out of open windows falls the distinguished melody, accompanied by voices both new and strange. All men seem to recognize that which he has done, and for the time compliment his presence and his personality.

Then the wane.

Of all the tragedies this is, perhaps, the bitterest, because of the long-drawn memory of the thing. Organs continue to play it, but the sale ceases. Quarter after quarter the royalties are less, until, at last, a few dollars per month will measure them completely. Meanwhile his publishers ask for other songs. One he writes and then another, and yet another, vainly endeavoring to duplicate the original note which made for his splendid success the year before. Other song-writers displace him for the time being in the public eye. His publishers have a new hit. A new author is being bowed to and taken out to dinner. A new tile-crowned celebrity is strolling up his favorite Broadway path.

At last, after a dozen attempts and failures, there is no hurry to publish his songs. If the period of failure is too long extended, he may even be neglected. More and more, celebrities crowd in between him and that delightful period when he was greatest. At last, chagrined by the contrast of things, he changes his publishers, changes his haunts, and, bitterest of all, his style of living. Soon it is the old grief again, and then, if thoughtless spending has been his failing, shabby clothing and want. You may see the doubles of these in any publisher's sanctum at any time—the sarcastically referred to *has been*.

Here, also, the disengaged ballad-singer—"peerless tenor" of some last year's company, suffering a period of misfortune. He is down on his luck in everything but appearances—last year's gorgeousness still surviving in a modified and sedate form. He is a singer of songs, now, for the publisher—by toleration. His one lounging-place in all New York, where he is welcome and not looked at askance, is the chair they allow him. Once a day he makes the rounds of the theatrical agencies—once or, if fortune favors, twice a day visits some cheap eating-house. At night, after a lone stroll through that fairyland of theatres and gaudy palaces which is Broadway, he returns to his bed—the carpeted floor of a room in the publisher's office—where he sleeps by permission.

Oh, the glory of success in this little world in his eye at this time! How now, in want, it looms large and essential! Outside, as he stretches himself, may even now be heard the murmur of that joyous rout of which he was so recently a part—the lights, the laughter, the songs. Only he must linger in the shadow.

To-morrow it will come out in words, if you talk with him. It is in the office, where gaudy ladies are trying songs, or on the street, where others, passing, notice him not, but go their way in elegance.

"I had it once, all right," he will tell you. "I had my handful. You bet I'll get it next year."

It is of the money he is thinking.

A coach swings past, and some fine lady, looking out, wakes to bitterness his sense of need.

"New York's tough without the coin, isn't it? You

"Let them stare in envy."

never get a glance when you're out of the game. I spend too easy—that's what's the matter with me. But I'll get back, you bet. Next time I'll know enough to save. I'll get up again, and next time I'll stay up, Annie—see?"

Next year his hopes may realize again—his dreams come true. If so, be present and witness the glories of all radiance after shadow.

"Ah, me boy, back again, you see!"

"So I see. Quite a change since last season."

"Shall he be given Anything? Never!"

"Well, I should smile! I was down on my luck then. That won't happen any more. They won't catch me. I've learned a lesson. Say! we had a great season."

Rings and pins attest it. A cravat of marvellous radiance speaks for itself in no uncertain tone. Striped clothes, yellow shoes, a new hat and cane. Ah, the glory, the glory! He is not to be caught any more, and yet here is half of his subsistence blooming upon his merry body!

They will catch him, though—him and all—in the length of time. One by one they come—old angular misfortune grabbing them all by the coat tails. The rich, the proud, the great among them, sinking, sinking, staggering backward, until they are where he was and deeper, far deeper. I wish I could quote those little notices so common in all our metropolitan dailies—those little perfunctory records which appear from time to time, telling volumes in a line. One day our singer's voice is failing—one day he has been snatched by disease! One day our radiant author arrives at that white beneficence which is the hospital bed, and stretches himself to a final period of suffering. One day a black boat, steaming northward along the East River to a barren island and a field of weeds, carries the last of all that was so gay, so unthinking, so—after all—childlike of him who was greatest in this world. Weeds and a head-board—salt winds and the cry of sea-gulls—lone blowings and moanings—and all that was light and mirth is buried here.

Here and there in the world are those who are still singing melodies created by those who have gone this unfortunate way. The authors of "Two Little Girls in Blue," and "White Wings," "Little Annie Rooney," and "The Picture and the Ring," of "In the Baggage Coach Ahead," and "Trinity Chimes," "Sweet Marie," and "Eileen," all are in the Potter's Field. There might be recited the successes of a score of years, quaint, pleasing melodies which were sung the land over—which even to-day find an occasional voice and a responsive chord—and of the authors not one but would be found in some field for the outcasts, forgotten. Somehow the world forgets—the peculiar world in which they moved, and the larger one which knew them only by their songs.

It seems wonderful that they should come to this,

"That Fairyland of Theatres and gaudy Palaces which is Broadway."

singers, authors, women and all; and yet not more wonderful than that their little feeling, worked into a melody and a set of words, should reach far out o'er land and water, touching the hearts of the nation. In mansion and hovel, by some blazing furnace of the factory or some open windows of the farm-land cottage, is trolled the simple story, written in halting phraseology, tuned in repetitions. We have seen the theatres uproarious with the noisy recalls which bring back the sunny singers, harping their one indifferent lay. We have heard the street bands and the organs, the street boys and the street loungers, all expressing this brief melody snatched from the unknown by some process of the heart. Here it is wandering the land over like a sweet breath of summer, making for matings and for partings, for happiness and for pain. That it may not endure is also meet, going back into the soil as it does with those who hear and with those who create.

Only those who venture here in merry Broadway shall witness the contrast, however. Only they who meet these radiant presences shall know the marvel of the common song.

THE TRANSVAAL WAR AND THE NEW EMPIRE

As Lord Roberts has finished his campaign, the task of reconstruction in South Africa becomes imminent, and some of its salient features begin to be outlined. Mr. Chamberlain has finally announced that the two republics are to be administered as crown colonies preparatory to local self-government, and very probably with the larger question of South-African federation involved. Mr. Chamberlain has been very frank in declaring what the preliminary of a final settlement must be; but in this case the settlement is not exclusively an English affair. John Bull has set himself, perhaps unwittingly, to a more than local or even national task, and to a consideration of ways and means that are by no means insular in their range and importance. Usually in his real-estate transactions abroad he has had to deal with enemies or with suspicious negotiators, gaining an additional acre or two in case of a good bargain, losing some when he had worse luck (which has not been often), but always confronted by the difficulty of an inveterate prejudice against him on account of his known propensity for much land. As fighter or negotiator he has generally been assertive in the matter of terms, and when he has gone beyond that and forcibly appropriated a neighboring vineyard or tidy island, his invariable excuse has been that he has improved the value of the property and made things agreeable for the tenants. He has not done this merely to compromise with his mixed reputation as a robber who has always enriched his victim, but because his point of view is modern and his selfishness progressive. This South-African matter, however, bothers him with a number of new conditions, created in part by his admission of partners in the job and the advisability of consulting them.

In principle it matters not that he has allowed only a few thousand colonial troops to assist him instead of a hundred thousand. The fact of his having accepted colonial aid at all has raised the issue of a colonial share in the direction of imperial affairs, an issue that has existed hitherto only in the vision of political idealists. Great Britain has permitted her self-governing colonies, which were under no more legal compulsion than the empire of the Czar, to co-operate almost independently in imperial expansion. The racial sentiment which this crisis of empire has ripened into inevitable politics is operative not only to conserve the results of the war, but also to build and expand upon them. It is a fact of the largest significance that several lines of colonial federation should converge just now upon London. It is entirely natural and logical that Australian federation should have become a fact in a comparatively short time after the Canadian constitution had been established; that South-African federation should become an issue after Australian, and that from these several proofs of imperial sentiment there should arise the larger idea of federal union of all self-governing communities under the British flag. "Now swings the wheel full circle."

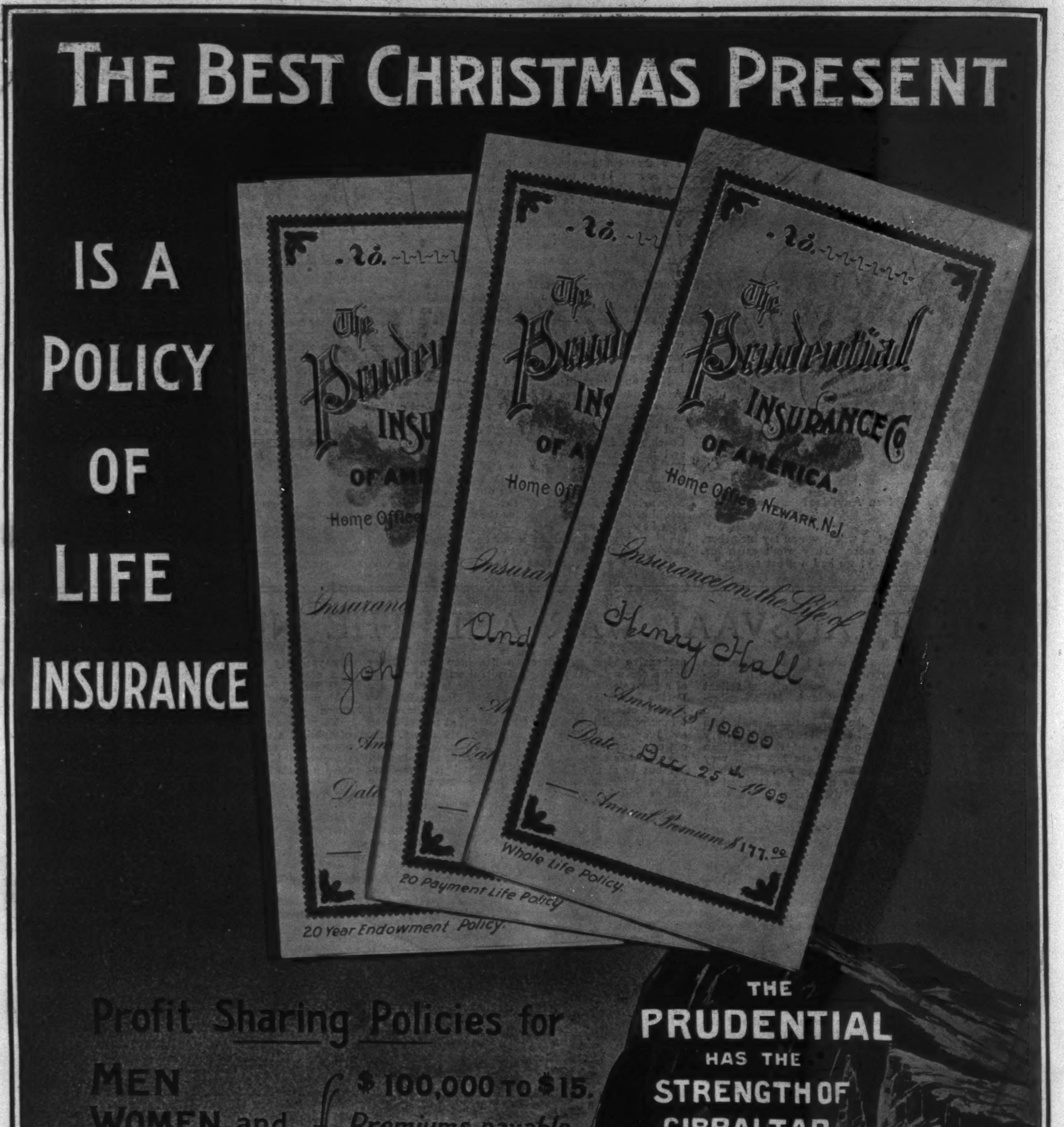
That completion of Australian federation will be followed in time by South-African, and then by a federation of Canada, Australia, and South Africa with Great Britain, may be reasonably inferred from the course of British colonial history within the last half-century. The obvious meaning of that history is that the federal experience of the self-governing colonies tends to a higher than colonial relation. It cannot stop at that. Both in Canada and Australia the comprehensive view of federation has been growing for half a century, first finding a fruitful soil in the minds of a few colonial statesmen, such as the late Sir Henry Parkes in Australia and the late Hon. Joseph Howe in Nova Scotia, then fostered by their sympathizers and followers, until it became a sentiment that no politician could oppose without compromising his career. Its outlook was always wider than a colonial one. Any one who has observed its development in Canada cannot but be struck by the way in which it passed beyond the idea of a separate independent nationality and expanded into the prospect of imperial federation. After the provinces had been federated, societies were formed for the purpose of familiarizing the idea of a federated empire. Independence was in many respects an inspiring outlook, but it was clearly seen that it involved risks, and that at best it had only a precarious margin of advantage beyond what had already been realized. Severance of the bond with Great Britain seemed to threaten a loss of security that no promise of a separate career could make good. Lack of any sufficient reason for cutting adrift left only two possible courses: first, an indefinite continuance of the colonial relation in the form of a federal dependency, and, second, a new relation in which dependency should be changed for partnership. These are the only political alternatives for Canada, and public opinion there will not tolerate any other. The same is true of Australia, judging by the most reliable accounts of the state of public opinion there. There is no reason to think that the coming South-African federation will take a different course, after the experience of British rule shall have corrected the misconceptions and largely effaced the hatreds that now mar the prospect of conciliation. Admitting that South Africa will follow the Canadian and Australian examples, there will then be three great federated areas enjoying local self-government under British rule, and with a firm desire to remain parts of the empire. Is it likely they will be content to remain dependencies? Is it not likely rather that their united influence will compel the mother-country to divide with them the responsibilities of empire? Such, at least, in brief outline is the suggestion of imperial federation from the colonial point of view.

But, apart from the new sentimental enthusiasm for it, does the best political opinion in Great Britain accept that point of view? Apparently it does, though waiting for colonial initiative to give it more definite expression. It is significant, at least, that British misconceptions about the colonies have been corrected in a manner best fitted to promote an understanding of the real situation. Opinion seems to have gone through three stages, which may be referred to for the sake of convenience as the millstone theory, the theory of the unenterprising son, and the theory of the junior partner. It is not necessary to refer to the time when all British colonies, and principally the thirteen that rebelled, were looked upon as exploitable sources of revenue and commerce for the benefit of the mother-country. It is hardly necessary to go farther back than about fifty years, when Mr. Disraeli made his often-quoted remark that "those wretched colonies are millstones about our necks." Though coming from the mouth of a Tory, that remark may serve to illustrate the climax of the views of the Manchester school, which in its doctrinaire zeal for universal free trade looked upon the colonies as an expensive encumbrance, always likely to involve the parent state in quarrels and always a burden on the British tax-payer. To that view Liberals and Tories were alike committed with a dogmatic certainty in proportion to their ignorance.

Then came a less acute but still discouraging phase of opinion, a view that prevailed for fifteen or twenty years—between 1855 and 1875—when the rigorous theories of the Manchester free-traders were emphasized a little less, to see if the colonies would not go instead of being sent. It was supposed that the growing commerce of Canada and Australia would create a feeling for nationality, that it would fashion them into politically independent states with an economic bias after Cobden's own heart. So generous and unquestioning was free-trade faith that patriotic sentiment slopped over British limits and began to lose distinctive character in a misty optimism for mankind. The colonies did not belong, it was imagined, to Great Britain, they did not belong even to themselves, but rather to a world-wide brotherhood in which British institutions and traditions were to be merged in broader human relationships. Under the impulse of that feeling the colonies were gently reminded that they were not fulfilling their destiny; that they were not self-reliant progeny of the old stock. Those were the days when leader-writers hinted that the parental relation to the new communities was growing irksome, and that the colonial sons of Great Britain were too indolent and timid to start an independent career.

Finally, the shattering of free-trade hopes by the protective tariffs of Europe and the United States began to turn the thoughts of British statesmen in a new direction. Perhaps, after all, it would be worth while to retain the colonies and teach them the economic way in which they should go, so that when they grew old they might not depart from it, rather than waste time upon the protectionist wrongheadedness of outsiders. Some of the colonies had gone economically wrong, having laid protective duties upon British goods; but, notwithstanding, the federation of Canada had brought into view a political force with a promise of development that might be worth considering. That old Cobdenite metaphor of the ripe apple falling from the parent tree might not be a true argument for colonial separation after all. Then, as if to impress distinct outline upon this nebulous drift, a few thoughtful men began to reflect upon the achievements and meaning of British colonizing, to determine whether or not it had really been a politically aimless peopling of waste places or the grand prelude of united empire. It need not be the imperialism of Lord Beaconsfield, ornamented with Latin mottoes and attuned to the music-halls, but the doctrine that wherever there are self-governing communities owning a common British allegiance, there also the responsibility of governing the whole empire shall be shared. The military assistance given by the colonies was of less value as practical aid than for its demonstration to the world of the real unity of the empire, but still more important for the colonial influence it has asserted in the work of reconstruction. England and South Africa must look to Canada and Australia in large part for federal precedents. That Great Britain herself should continue to be exempt from the form of government which has bound her colonies more closely to her is most improbable.

John W. Russell.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HARPER'S WEEKLY CHRISTMAS SUPPLEMENT

NORA STOPPED IN THE DOORWAY.

To and From McGrath's

By Edward W Townsend

THERE was trouble again at McGrath's.

This news was no surprise to the Sergeant so informed by the officer from that post, for since the dispossess notice was put up two days ago such news had come into the station-house at intervals of every two or three hours. The Old Man was giving away drink, having sworn to move nothing—an oath of sentiment rather than of purpose, for he owned nothing to move. Even the liquor belonged to the wholesale dealer, who also owned the fixtures of the saloon. But the oath was applauded as evidence of McGrath's manly independence by those who drank free; and, besides, it further swindled the wholesale dealer. This latter thought started one drinker smashing the bar fixtures, a kind of savagery that begot another kind, and soon McGrath's place held as good a riot as any one in Hickory Street remembered since the better days when the street was all Irish—not part Jew, part Italian, peaceful folk comparatively.

It was at this point Connor, the young officer on post, entered, and, being of the district, enjoyed one of the sweetest quarters of an hour of his life, breaking heads officially, conscious that he was ably and courageously performing a dangerous duty, while at the same time paying off a number of personal scores. He was, as I have said, of the district.

"Did you rap for assistance?" the Sergeant asked, noting the officer's cut face and hands and torn uniform.

"No," Connor answered, proudly.

"Well, now, look here," the Sergeant growled, "the next time you do a thing like that, I'll report you for neglect of duty, and you will be longing for a week's pay that never came. You kid cops think a night stick is only for breaking heads. It's to rap for assistance with. Did you make any arrests?"

"No," replied Connor, dazed that the expected compliment turned out a rebuke. "It was the old Monkey Hill gang, and I chased them all. I'd not got a scratch, only they were firing glass and things."

"What did you do to the Old Man?"

"Well—he—he was quiet."

"Quiet?" repeated the Sergeant, glancing at Connor with quick suspicion. "Why, folks on the block have been sending kids here all day saying the Old Man was raising hell. The women up at the Rescue took his wife and little ones an hour ago. One of the Rescue women told me the Old Man was beating them. What are you lying about, Connor?"

Connor took some time to decide whether or not he would tell what he was lying about. He knew the Sergeant had sometimes given money out of his own pocket to Mrs. McGrath to buy food for herself and the little ones; that while he had the reputation of being a hard man, and in his days on post was a terrible fighter, who loved fighting, he was yet the best friend the miserably poor of the Precinct ever had. So Connor concluded to tell what he was lying about.

"Nora came in," he said.

The Sergeant stared hard and quick, and then exclaimed, "The—hell!" After a moment's silence he added, "Are you sure it was Nora?"

"Am I sure?" Connor said, in a tone that made the Sergeant laugh softly before he continued:

"Oh yes, of course. You blow your pay seeing her every night you have off. Was she ragged out swell?"

"No; old stuff—like the other women of the block," Connor replied.

"To be sure. She told me once she always kept the clothes she wore the night the Old Man drove her out. Well, keep your mouth shut, Connor. We don't want this to get in the papers. Go down to Gouverneur Hospital and get your face fixed."

Sergeant Hollman—he was Acting-Captain, and this was just before his advance came to him in the great police shake-up of 1898, which also resulted in his transfer to a 'cross-the-river borough—left the Acting-Sergeant in charge of the station and strolled around to McGrath's.

The wreck he saw there was more complete than any other he had seen in his long experience in the roughest Precinct of New York. A single gas-jet burned at the end of the bar near the ice-chest; its mate at the other end of the bar was wrecked, as was everything else that could be bent, broken, or smashed in the little groggery, and was pouring out a stream of gas that would soon result in an explosion and fire, and had already overcome the only two occupants of the place, McGrath and the officer who had relieved Connor on post. The Sergeant at first thought the two men were dead, and before making any investigation rapped on the worn brownstone step for aid. Then he returned, and the smell of gas prompted him first to drag the men out into the street, then to turn out the lighted gas, and plug the open pipe with a cork.

The rescued men revived quickly: McGrath into a state of drunken pugnacity, which changed to whining terror when he saw that one of the several officers about him was Hollman with a Captain's short club in his hand. The officer who relieved Connor revived only into a state of dazed wonder as to what had happened to him. The ambulance surgeon thought it was the heavy end of a bottle.

But what had become of Nora?

The unlucky officer could not tell. He went into McGrath's to quell a second riot caused by the Monkey Hill gang, on its return, finding there a crowd from Cherry Hill way, gathered at the rumor of free drink. There was no woman there who remotely resembled Nora. Connor's relief was sure of that, and it was the only thing of which he was sure.

If McGrath knew he would not tell. He thought it would enrage the Sergeant not to know, and, realizing he was certain to get six months, which was as much as he could get, there was no motive for denying himself the pleasure of enraging the Sergeant.

Hollman would have inquired about Nora through the Tenderloin Precinct had not his full Captaincy and transfer come just then. In the surprises of an outskirt Precinct, where the residents, even respectable and prosperous men, nodded to him in a friendly manner, all thoughts of Hickory Street were driven from his mind.

Connor was transferred, too, but it was his fortunate fate to go into the Tenderloin, where his inches and fine appearance made him an ornament of the Broadway Squad.

The ordinary scheme of things in Hickory Street is of no interest to us: people live and die there in ways so strange and unconventional it would argue a low taste, indeed, if we cared a whit about them. If we did care we would recall some changes that took place soon after McGrath was dispossessed and sent to the Island, and his wife and young children were taken care of by the Rescue women. A number of the old houses were condemned as unfit for habitation, and that gave impetus to the emigration of the street's ancient dwellers. Many houses which should have been condemned, but were not, were vacant for a short time, and then occupied by a new people, who spoke only Russian or Italian, and seldom fought the police.

Nora McGrath—"Nina Montrose," as you may know—retained an interest in Hickory Street, but she did not learn of these changes.

The night of the riots in McGrath's, Nora went there in response to a message sent by her mother, saying the dispossess notice was up, and asking Nora to help the family again. This message was written by a man, a certain rather unskilled thief of the name of Terence Martin, whom Nora used to know pretty well in the old days. Terence could write, and had performed this service for Mrs. McGrath a number of times when the Old Man was in jail or other trouble.

Nora always responded to these appeals. Even her father admitted this when he was sober, though when drunk he declared her to be a hard-hearted, undutiful daughter, proud of her exalted station, willing to let her parents starve rather than give from her abundance. McGrath talked this way because it eased his conscience. When Nora was a back-row girl, not always employed, and at such times earning but ten dollars a week, she lived at home. But her father beat her once, after a quarrel in which he charged her with earning more than she reported and holding out an unfair amount of her wages, and then Nora left home.

McGrath's rage over losing even such amounts as she had contributed to his always unsuccessful efforts to conduct a saloon was intensified when news sifted down to Hickory Street that Nora had developed into a first-rate "extra girl," whose services were in demand at twenty-five dollars a week in Broadway farces.

Nora could dance, of course—every girl in Hickory Street could—she was handsome, in a black, wild way of beauty, had even spoken two rapid, indistinguishable lines in one farce, and was said to be living in a style which strengthened McGrath's belief that her salary was probably scores of times more than reported.

So when she went to Hickory Street that night, and into the bar-room because she could not find her mother in the living-room, and saved her father from arrest at the time Connor chased the Monkey Hill gang, she told her father he was "a drunken old bum." She also said Connor had a right to pinch him, and if he had she would not have bailed him out. To this McGrath responded that he'd "break her face" if she gave him any more of her high-toned talk, but suddenly checked his paternal indignation and begged Nora to give him money to satisfy the dispossess proceedings. She agreed to do this so readily the Old Man told her the amount with costs was sixty-five dollars—it was forty dollars; but as Nora took out her purse, containing much more than he demanded, she suddenly asked where her mother and the children were. McGrath did not know, and his manner betrayed him. That enraged Nora, and pocketing the purse, she said she would settle things when she found her mother and the children, for she didn't propose to throw away good money on him until she knew it would also benefit them.

The Old Man was not in a state of mind to endure with fortitude this black eclipse of risen roseate hope. He sprang at the girl to take the purse, but at that instant Terence Martin, first of the Monkey-Hillers to venture back, entered, saw McGrath's action, tripped him, kicked him vigorously in the head, and turned to Nora a face which, doubtless, would have expressed pride had it been capable of that expression, for Terence was conscious that he had performed the only worthy act of his life.

Nora flushed as she met the man's somewhat shifty gaze, but said generously, "You done him—I mean you did him fair, Terry."

"Oh, I ain't so worse," the Knight replied to the Lady.

Nora again took out her purse, stripped a five-dollar bill from a roll that made Terence stare, gave it to him, and hurried away.

For days after that Terence was tortured by a searching self-examination as to the reason he did not rob Nora of her purse. He was forced to abandon the effort to arrive at any conclusion consistent with a belief in his own sanity. The opportunity was perfect, and his needs, as usual, great, and—what damned him most as a weakling—he believed if he had robbed her she would not have appeared against him. Paragraphs of a most agreeable kind were being printed about Nora; items noted where she supped, and in what company. Would she run the risk of the papers getting hold of another kind of story? Terence thought not. He concluded he had been afflicted with temporary insanity, and resolved to re-establish his faith in himself, and to overtake a flown opportunity, by picking Nora's pocket with contrived promptness.

But when, with this purpose in mind, he prowled up to the theatre district, he found a new play billed at the house where Nina Montrose had become a success of gossip. By awkward inquiries he learned that the company with which she appeared was out of town, but would return in a new play in December.

Nora had an acting song in the new play, for which a stage-manager, who looked like an unamiable bear, had, with delicate taste and patience that was infinite, drilled the girl of the street until all her dark beauty and grace were polished into a wonderful expression of his conception—a tigress translating for bruin. It made one of those sensational successes Broadway revels in, and Nora's employer exulted with unctuous palms that he had her services contracted for at thirty dollars a week. Else he must give her five hundred!

Every hour of Connor's off time coinciding with an afternoon or evening performance was devoted to worship at Nora's shrine—dumb, distant, but honest worship. Sometimes the handsome young officer, when in uniform, would see her leaving her carriage at a restaurant door after the theatre, and would flush and doff his helmet when Nora smiled at him brilliantly in the way the bear had taught her. But it was a smile of patronage—admitting, to be sure, that both were from Hickory Street, both wondrously risen in the world. "But," the smile seemed to say, "Jimmy, you see the difference. You are patrolling the cold streets, I'm going in to supper and champagne with a gentleman who would have a fit if I stopped to speak to you!"

Some of the girls in the company saw a little more: saw Connor in front very often; saw him, when not in uniform, watching her leave the stage door, and they spoke of him as "Nina's handsome cop." They built up a romance, and on purely sentimental grounds liked Jimmy Connor better than the gentleman doomed to apoplexy if a lady he was with should speak to a police officer.

Thus, and otherwise, Nora was talked about with prodigious expense of gossips' time and newspaper space; every gesture, glance, inflection in her song, was described, and their convincing excellence cited as evidence of suddenly awakened artistic temperament; and the bear who taught her all these things, and stood in the wings every night to see that she forgot none of them, would read to her the descriptions, explaining the big words.

But Nora liked better the articles with pictures, telling of her gowns for the street, the stage, the supper; how she dressed her hair, the jewels she wore. She could understand these.

So could the few people left in Hickory Street who knew her. They would go to the trouble of picking out of the gutters vagrant copies of the papers which conspicuously pictured and wrote about Nora, and they talked much about the good fortune which had followed her success. Most, they talked of the suppers at which she was described with more details of her costumes and companions than of what she ate. This was a disappointment, for the matter of viands had a peculiar fascination for those in Hickory Street who thus followed Nora's career. They were always hungry, and sometimes starving, so it seemed to them the chroniclers missed the point of human interest in devoting space to the matter of dress and company, to the neglect of meat and drink.

Perhaps it was the approach of Christmas which infused a bitter spirit into Hickory Street comment on Nora's seeming abundance of suppers—which must have wholly satisfied hunger—and clothing so rich it certainly protected her from the keenness of the cold—and may even have kept her warm! There were not many left in Hickory Street who cared that Christmas should be a festival, or hoped that it should be a day of cold intermitted and hunger allayed. Most of those who could hope had emigrated. Yet some remained.

The day before Christmas Nora received a letter written by Terence Martin. It spoke as usual in the

person of her mother. They were back in the old place again, and again the luck was hard with them. Money was needed. Would Nora come down that afternoon, or at night, and give some help? Did she like the thought of her mother and the children passing a hungry Christmas? Would she please send word by the boy who fetched the letter?

Nora cried for some time when she received this; and as tears were unusual for her she thought they might denote the development of her emotional nature—the actress temperament—and enjoyed them much.

She sent word she would be down after the show.

Some extra-girls with whom she still dressed saw Nora putting on a rough gown when the show was over that night, and inquired shrilly what she was making up for. Nora told them she was going home for a visit.

"It's a pity Jimmy Connor wouldn't be on post there, like he was in the old days," one exclaimed, and all laughed loudly.

Nora, on her way out, passed a dressing-room where a principal woman dressed alone, and who cried out, "For Gawd's sake, Nina, where are you going in the tough-girl make-up? Say, you look great."

Nora explained.

"But you will be with the gang for supper?"

Nora said she would, but a little late, probably.

She rode on a surface car down Sixth Avenue until she found a late-open market, where she bought a basket and filled it with chicken, celery, preserves, wine, buying whatever she saw that was attractive and expensive, and paying with a carelessness that amazed the market-men noting her rough dress. Then she hurried by cross-town and Bowery cars to the neighborhood of Hickory Street, walking into the district by Chatham Square, hurrying nervously as she found her old haunts so deserted, and quiet, and cold!

"My folks are about the last of the natives to leave," she thought, marking that the few people she met were foreigners, silent, sombre, carrying bundles of work, not food or presents, as she remembered the poorest did in the old Christmas days. In Hickory Street itself there seemed to be no human life; many houses were deserted, others dark, and as gloomy as the tired slaves who crowded them.

"No officer on post," Nora said to herself, peering the length of the vacant street.

She stopped at the entrance to McGrath's. "To let" notices were up. The drifted snow on the steps gave no sign that any part of the old house was occupied, and she could see no light within.

She began to be frightened, and grew more so when a man who had turned into the street, seeing her glance towards him, stepped into the shadow of a hallway.

Who was he? Was he following, and trying to approach her unseen?

She shrank back into the entrance with a quick sinking of heart.

As she stood thus the door to the hall a few feet away opened, and Terence appeared, holding a candle.

"Come in, Nora," he said. "Your folks is in the back room."

Nora hurried to him, entered the hall, and was confronted by Terence and another man she knew to be also a thief.

"Give us your roll quietly, Nora, and get out of here," Terence said.

"Have you conned me, Terry?" Nora asked, and her manner seemed gentle.

"The Old Man's on the Island, the Society's got the kids, and your mother's working out of town," Terence replied, enjoying the situation his decoy letter had brought about. "Come, give over the roll."

"And if I give you my purse don't you suppose I will report to the station?" Nora asked.

"Oh no, you won't," Terence responded, grinning, and licking his thin lips. "You don't want any of my stories in the papers."

"Then I'll give you a fight for it," the woman cried, suddenly desperate.

She raised the basket over her head with both hands, and flung it at Terence. It knocked him down, but at the same moment his companion threw her heavily against the wall. She screamed. The door opened, and Connor jumped into the hall. There was an almost noiseless scuffle, a low oath, the grisly plunge of a knife into living flesh, a moan, hurrying, frightened feet, and Nora was bending over Connor, cut to death, a smile on his paling lips.

"Oh, Jimmy, Jimmy, why did you come here?"

"Because — because I — I loved you, Nora," Connor whispered. "I followed to see no harm came to you, and—they didn't hurt you, did they, Nora?"

He died then.

Nora, white, and staggering with horror—the silence, the dead—rushed from the street. She stopped at the station but a moment to give the alarm, and then hurried on with but one thought, a wild, madly compelling desire to be where there were light, and people, and gay noises!

An hour later — but now richly dressed and wearing some new jewelry, a Christmas present she had found in her apartments—Nora joined the party expecting her at supper. When she had gasped out something of her story one of the women at the table exclaimed: "Oh, but that's a fierce yarn, and you the heroine! Send for the theatre's press agent, and work up your romance to go with the first police reports."

"Tell my story—Jimmy's story—to advertise myself!" cried Nora.

"Sure," the other responded. "Jimmy's worth more to you dead than alive."

"You take that!" Nora screamed, and with her clinched fist struck the other hard in the face, cutting it with one of the new jewels.

THE FOILING OF FERGUSON

By ALBERT LEE

THE several human curiosities, whose physical peculiarities served as attractions to the patrons of the Imperial Dime Museum, were ranged at intervals on a narrow platform that ran around a portion of three sides of the long room designated by the management as the "Hall of Wonders." The Fat Woman occupied a large arm-chair in the central position of this grouping, with the Human Skeleton on her left and the Leopard Boy on her right. The Elastic-skin Man said this arrangement was effected in order to equalize the burden of dead-weight at that end of the building; but the Elastic-skin Man was always saying ugly things anyway, and would have been glad of a position nearer the windows himself. As a matter of fact, he ought to have been well satisfied with his own station, which was next the entrance, where he was first to claim the attention of new-comers, and was thereby enabled to sell more photographs than almost any other of his fellows, except Marcia, the attractive young Albino, who sat upon his left. But he was a hard man to please, and was constantly importuning the manager to allow him to exchange places with the Glass-eater, whose chair was opposite, between Zuleika, the Snake-charmer, and Ali-Ben-Ali, the Armenian Sword-swallower. In other words, the Elastic-skin Man was the disturbing spirit of the aggregation. Even the placid Bearded Lady, who seldom indulged in personalities, had been once overheard to say that, for as many years as she had been in the business—and she had been on the (museum) stage ever since she first grew a mustache—she had never met with so "unsatisfied and surly a professional freak as that man Ferguson." Ferguson was the Elastic-skin Man's name.

But, in spite of the dissatisfaction and surliness attributed to him by the Bearded Lady, the Elastic-skin Man was popular with all the male "human wonders," apparently for the simple reason that he had convivial tastes. Whenever he sold more than a dozen photographs a day, he invariably sent Peter, the watchman, around the corner to fill the can—and he was unselfish in the distribution of its contents. To be sure, he always took long and deep draughts himself, and the Human Skeleton averred that this was to be expected, because, in the natural order of things, Ferguson's person would expand and hold more than any one's else—but this aspersion may be safely set down to professional jealousy.

As a further indication of convivial taste, it was the Elastic-skin Man who proposed the plan of celebrating Christmas with a banquet—the same to be held, clandestinely, in the "Hall of Wonders," on Christmas night. The other freaks fell into the spirit of the enterprise with enthusiasm, and each contributed to the extent of his financial ability. The Elastic-skin Man stipulated, however, that the women were not to be included—especially not the Bearded Lady, for whom he had an antipathy. It would really have been agreeable to more than one of the freaks if the beautiful Marcia could have been included in their company—but, of course, they could not invite her without asking all the others. And so it came to be that the occasion was made a strictly stag affair.

"He always took deep draughts himself."

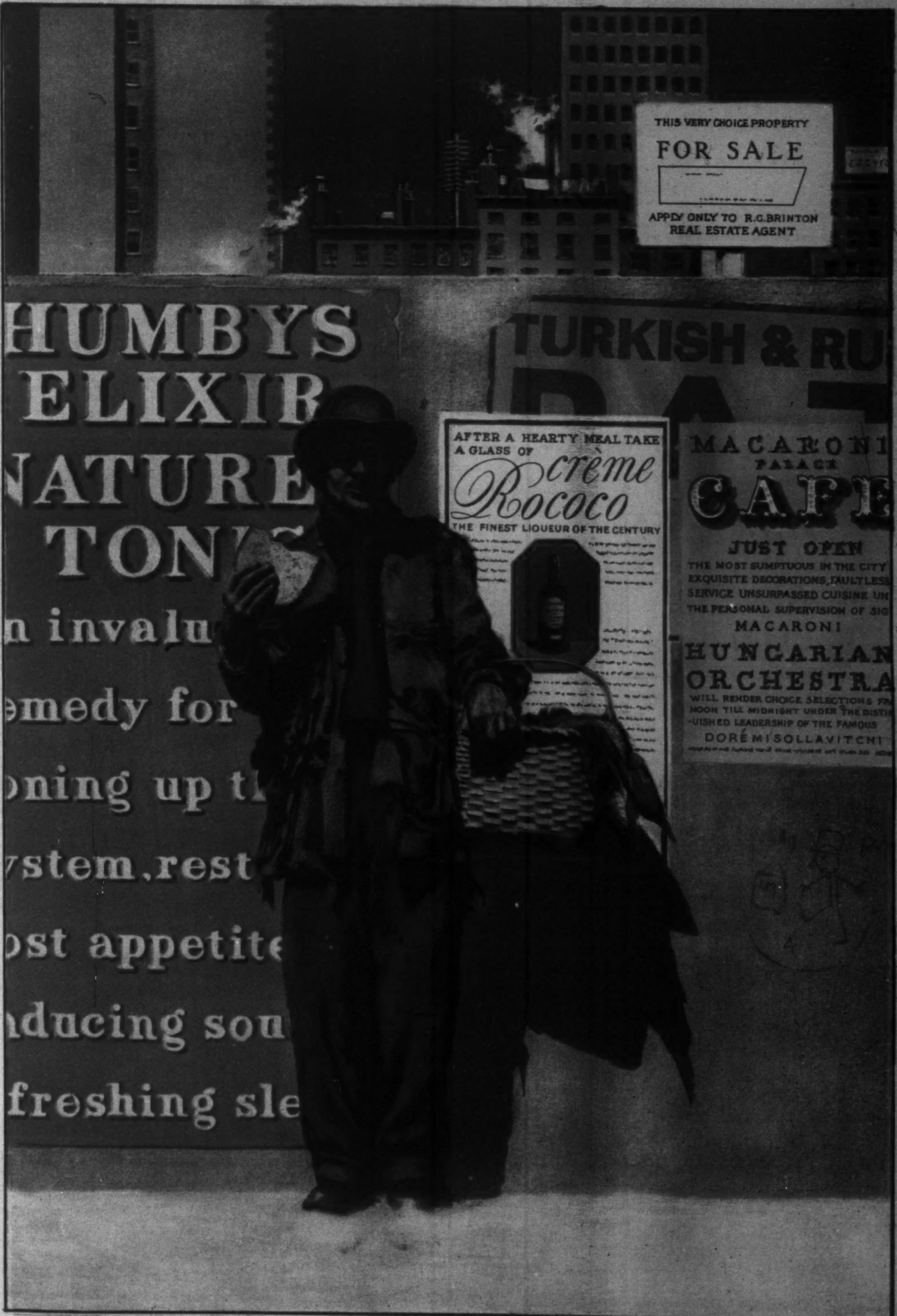
The Leopard Boy, who had a tender spot in his heart for Zuleika, objected vigorously to this arrangement, but his objections were overruled, and he was compelled to submit to the decision of the majority. It is to be assumed, however, that he expressed confidentially to Zuleika his disapproval of the misogynous dispositions of his fellows, for, although it had been agreed to keep the affair a secret from the women, the women nevertheless knew of the intended celebration almost from its inception. Naturally, they felt slighted, but they accepted the advice of the Fat Woman and reserved their opinions.

Thus it was that on Christmas eve there was much whispering and hand-shaking among the male curiosities as they separated after the evening performance, with the understanding that Peter should cater for the celebration and would let them in at the main entrance at eight o'clock the following night. There was no whispering or hand-shaking among the women, but there was likewise an understanding. They had all agreed to take tea Christmas night with Miss Mulcahy, the Fat Woman, who lived close by around the corner, in Broome Street.

THE four women, therefore, according to their agreement, assembled at six o'clock in a little room on the ground-floor of a dingy brick tenement—for Miss Mulcahy, being heavy by profession, could not climb stairs. Marcia brought some preserves, and Zuleika contributed a box of fig paste, which a Washington Street arab had brought to her that afternoon. The Bearded Lady came heavily veiled, and heaving under the weight of a large bundle, which she dropped wearily in a corner of the room.

"And what's yours, Mrs. Prendergast?" asked the Fat Woman, cheerily. (The Bearded Lady was known as Mrs. Prendergast in private life. It was only the Elastic-skin Man and Peter who ever referred to her as "Whiskers.")

"PEACE ON EARTH, GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN."



HIS CHRISTMAS DINNER.

"Sure," answered Mrs. Prendergast, "it's nothing to eat. It's properties. I have a plan to ruin that Injy-rubber Ferguson."

This statement elicited a volley of questions; but the hospitable Miss Mulcahy insisted that her guests should first draw up to the tea table and refresh themselves, assuring them that they would then be better able to listen to Mrs. Prendergast's plan for the undoing of the ductile freak.

All four naturally harbored a feeling of resentment against the men, but the Bearded Lady was especially vindictive, and her malice fell in the direction of Ferguson. It was upon his undoing that she had fixed her mind. During the day she had hit upon a plan for the accomplishment of her purpose, and this plan she now expounded to her listeners, slowly, fully, carefully. As she spoke she loosened the bundle she had brought with her and displayed a policeman's uniform, which was quickly recognized as Peter's. She also produced a hand-mirror and a pair of scissors, and as she spoke, she carefully and relentlessly trimmed her full and flowing beard—the pride and joy of many a museum lecturer—from an expanding fulness to the stern, formal cut of a masculine Vandyke. The others listened intently and watched the sacrifice with awe, yet they smiled their approval of the plot as it was slowly developed before them.

"Mrs. Prendergast, you're a wonder," said Miss Mulcahy, as the Bearded Lady concluded.

"That's what they call me on the bills," retorted the latter; "but I'll do him."

"There's one thing, though," ventured Marcia, meekly.

"What's that?" asked the others in one breath.

"Peter 'll be there, won't he?"

"I'm not afraid of Peter," asserted Mrs. Prendergast, "and he never wears his uniform at night, so he won't miss it."

"Of course not," continued the Albino. "But being the watchman, he'd know the cop on the beat."

"That's so," said Miss Mulcahy, solemnly.

"I had not thought of that," added Mrs. Prendergast.

"But that's easy," quickly interposed Zuleika. "I'll send word around that I want to see him about the snakes, and that will get him away from the museum."

And thus the plot was hatched.

IT was against the rules for any one to be admitted into the Imperial Dime Museum after it closed at night, until it opened again in the morning. Thus Peter was transgressing his orders when he became a party to the Christmas celebration. Peter was the watchman who slept in the museum at night, and strutted about the "Hall" by day, clad in a policeman's uniform, and exerting his authority over the inquisitive small boy with a supple and persuasive bamboo. But Peter had been well bribed, and felt confident that the manager would never hear of his indiscretion.

He faithfully carried out his part as caterer. He secured a ham, a meat pie, a cheese, a tub of ice-cream, and quantities of sandwiches, two boxes of cigars, three cases of beer, and a dozen bottles of lemon pop. These delicacies he piled on the platform in the main hall, and when, at eight o'clock, the Human Skeleton arrived with Ali-Ben-Ali, the Sword-swallower, he let them cautiously in at the main entrance. The Elastic-skin Man, the Leopard Boy, the Glass-eater, and the Jap Juggler straggled in a little later. They gathered behind the ticket-office and thence were led up stairs, by the light of the watchman's lantern. While the Leopard Boy and the Jap saw to it that the curtains were drawn snug over the front windows, Ferguson and Ali-Ben-Ali secured a table from the stage and laid out the dishes for the feast.

"You want to be careful, Ali," began the Human Skeleton, addressing the Sword-swallower, "not to eat with your knife; you might cut your face."

"Yes," added the Elastic-skin Man, "and I guess we'd better give Tony" (that was the Glass-eater) "a Stein to drink out of, or he'll chew up the glasses."

"Dat's all right," returned Tony, who was German, and did not appreciate jokes, "but I tink better we don't talk shop any. Here, Skinny, sit down," and he placed a chair at the head of the table for the Human Skeleton.

The feast was ready. The Jap had already opened half a dozen bottles of beer, and the company had gathered about the festive board. Suddenly there was a rapping at the door below, and Peter, rising in some alarm, whispered, "Wait a minute, boys."

He went down stairs, and returned presently to say that a small boy had brought him a message from Zuleika, who wanted to see him a minute about her snakes.

"I'm to meet her in Doolan's around the corner," added Peter. "Go ahead with the beer; I'll be back in a minute."

The door slammed behind him, and a toast to the day was drunk with relish. Then everybody sat down and the Sword-swallower started to cut the meat pie. He had hardly got his knife into the crust when another sharp rap at the door below startled the company. Every one looked up.

"It's Peter comin' back," said the Leopard Boy, rising. "I'll let him in."

He went down and opened the door, and soon the assembled freaks heard sounds of a spirited debate proceeding below. The Leopard Boy seemed to be expostulating with somebody, and presently a heavy tread was heard ascending the stairs. Every one sat back and stared at the doorway. The light in the big room was dim, for the freaks had not dared risk too great an illumination; but it was bright enough for them soon to distinguish plainly the form of a policeman, standing in the shadows of the doorway at the head of the stairs. He was not a very big policeman, but he looked impressive in the dim light, and all the freaks remembered afterwards was that he was thick-set, that he had a pointed beard, and that he swung his club in an exceedingly unpleasant manner.

"What's all this?" he asked, gruffly, before any of the surprised wonders could speak.

"Why—er—it's just a little supper, you know, officer," began the Elastic-skin Man, rising slowly. "Won't you sit down?"

"A supper, is it?" continued the policeman. "And what's all that beer on the table?"

"Won't you have some?" ventured the Glass-eater.

"Have some, is it?" growled the officer. "Have you got a license for all this? What do you mean, anyway, carousin' here in the museum at night? And the Salvation Army a-complainin' next door! Where's the watchman Peter?"

The Elastic-skin Man explained that Peter had stepped out for a minute, and would return presently.

"Stepped out for a minute, eh?" repeated the policeman, pounding fiercely on the door with his club. "You want me to swallow that, do ye? It's the crowd of ye that 'll step out now, I'm a-thinkin'. Come, move on, or I'll pack the lot of you to the station-house!"

The freaks were alarmed. At first they were inclined to debate the matter, but the more timid ones abandoned that idea when the policeman pounded on the door sharply for the second time. The Human Skeleton and the Leopard Boy slipped discreetly down stairs and quietly out into the street. The Elastic-skin Man and the Sword-swallower began to gather together the beer-cases and the sandwiches.

"What's that ye think ye're doin'?" asked the policeman, sharply.

"We'll take the stuff along," answered Ferguson, sulkily.

"Take it along, will ye? I guess I'll take you along. How do I know but what this is stolen goods? That stuff goes to the station-house, and any man that don't like it goes along too!"

The disturbed celebrants were amazed. The Glass-eater started to object, but the policeman grabbed him by the collar (he was a small glass-eater, and the practice of his profession is not invigorating), and, before he knew it he was stumbling headlong down the dark staircase. The door into the street at the bottom had been left open, and the Glass-eater did not pause to ask any more questions.

"Now, who's next?" asked the representative of the law, fiercely.

"I guess we're all next," said the Elastic-skin Man, meekly, as he sidled out of the room; and the Jap and the Sword-swallower followed him. The policeman brought up the rear, and allowed his club to drag noisily down the stairs. As he stepped out on to the sidewalk and looked about, a young Italian who had been standing with a push-cart at the near corner, seemed suddenly to come to life, and started to push his cart in the direction of the museum.

"Hi, there, Dago!" shouted the policeman. "Want a job?"

The Italian thought he did.

"Go up stairs and load that stuff on your wagon."

The officer superintended the arrangement of the cases and dishes on the push-cart, then closed the museum door, and told the Italian to go ahead. The push-cart boy seemed to know where to go. The policeman looked carefully in all directions, and seeing no sign of the discomfited freaks, moved slowly toward Broome Street, and turned the corner in the wake of the boy.

THE next morning there was a very surly and disgusted-looking set of male freaks arrayed for the entertainment of the patrons of the Imperial Dime Museum, and a very nervous and irritable watchman walking about the several "halls," attired in the cast-off policeman's uniform that formed his official apparel during "show hours." Peter had never cared much for his uniform, but he had registered an oath that morning, when he found it missing from his locker before the opening hour, that it was valuable enough (in its inherent possibilities) to keep safely under lock and key.

The feminine portion of the museum's display appeared unusually cheerful on this occasion so solemn for their fellows. The Fat Woman kept up such an unceasing chuckle that the Human Skeleton and the Leopard Boy sent for the manager and complained that they were afraid she would shake down the platform.

As the manager passed the Elastic-skin Man, the latter touched him on the shoulder, nodded toward the Bearded Lady and whispered something. The manager looked at the Bearded Lady, with an expression of pained and indignant surprise, frowned, and stepping up to her, said:

"See here, Mrs. Prendergast, I'll have no more o' this. The next time you trim your beard, you lose your job."

"Move on, or I'll pack the lot of you to the Station-House!"

WITTENHAM BELFRY. *By Edward Boltwood*

I

"IT pleases you to be merry, Colonel Fanning," said Sir Vincent, stormily, "but let me tell you, sir, it shall not pass. It shall not pass, by—"

"Oh, father—father!" interrupted Miss Macready, and the baronet contented himself with pounding his dining-table so that the glasses hopped.

Colonel Fanning, as usual, was unperturbed. He curled his thin lips, and turned his eyes toward the fourth member of the company; this, you must know, being myself, John Stapleton.

"Now, I protest," he said, in his high, rasping voice, which seemed to come through his nostrils. "What would I be were I so lacking in feeling as to offend our host? Sir Vincent tells us that to-night, according to his habit, he has to supper the band of village bell-ringers, and I bewail the expense which this custom puts upon him. That is all."

"You said," exclaimed Sir Vincent, "that my money were better spent upon my creditors than upon a gang of bell-ringing yokels. That's what you said before my girl."

"Well," rejoined Fanning, coolly, "can you gainsay it?"

Sir Vincent's eyes shifted and his chin fell upon his neck-cloth. The hand which a moment before had been raised in anger lay helplessly upon the damask where Miss Anne timidly stroked it. The girl was frightened, and I sat silent, principally from amazement. That Vincent Macready should allow this smug fellow so to badger him seemed to me almost beyond belief. When I add that the man had addressed the most impudent gallantries to Miss Macready before her father's face, so that even my own fingers itched for a hilt—when I say this you may understand why I was overcome with bewilderment that Colonel Fanning was not tossed out of Rygate Priory by way of the nearest window.

The Colonel plucked a crumb from his ruffle and pushed back from the table.

"But, as I live, 'tis past four," said he. "Will Miss Macready take my unworthy arm along the River Walk? Sitting over wine brings on disasters of many sorts, as your father will tell you. Come, ma'am, are you not for the air?"

It was more like a command than an invitation. The young lady, a fragile beauty, sweet, but of no spirit, included the three of us in a stiff courtesy and left the apartment.

"I must ask Mr. Stapleton's pardon," said Fanning, "for obtruding Sir Vincent's education upon our holiday gathering. Sir Vincent is only learning."

"And what is Sir Vincent learning?" I asked, trying to make a joke of it.

"Sir Vincent is learning me," replied the Colonel, as he closed the door behind him.

Now it was evident that there was some rotten villany afoot; but what could I do or say? So I peeled a China orange and said nothing, while the fire sputtered on the hearth and Sir Vincent moodily sipped a glass of port.

"What do you think of all this, Jack?" said he, after a long pause.

"I never think unless asked to, Sir Vincent. I make no guesses. But at a word from you I'll plaster this coxcomb with a challenge to-night and spit him like a lark to-morrow."

His eyes gleamed for a moment, but the flash was soon over.

"Could a sword but cut me loose from this!" he sighed, half to himself. "No, Jack, Crœsus will not fight."

"The gentleman is rich, then?"

"He's so rated," answered the master of the Priory, "but not so rich, curse him, as to be content with his own. He's won me, Jack, debts, estate, and all."

Sir Vincent blurted this out with a moan, and his head went forward on the table. The shock of the thing drove all speech from me. Here, indeed, was calamity for Christmas-tide!

"And now my girl—nay, damme, Jack, I must tell some one—he would take her as his wife—my Nanny, my only comfort—I—"

"Courage, sir," I cried, distressed past expression; "perhaps you may be bettered."

"He has my notes for more than I can pay," said the poor gentleman.

"Won at cards?"

Sir Vincent nodded.

"A blackleg, I'll be bound."

"I could not prove it. But now I am a boor to sadden you with my misfortunes. Lord! could I but lay my hand on the half of what I owe him!"

II

Rygate Priory is close to the village of Long Wittenham in Berks. Sir Vincent Macready, the present holder, was an honest country squire, simple and kindly, to whom the vagaries of the shady life of London had introduced me. We encountered one another at a gaming-table in Bulliter Lane, where he took me for a gentleman, and, in fact, actually appealed to me when my confederate, French Will, clumsily dropped a king out of his coat sleeve.

We cemented the new acquaintance by an evening of enjoyment, which was the first of many. Whenever Sir Vincent came up to the city from Long Wittenham he would search me out, if I was visible, and make me his comrade in an excursion among the pleasures of the town. I had not the heart to disclose my real calling to him; he never conjectured it; and, what was stranger still, it was never betrayed to him by any of the other members of the profession. He knew me as a keen gamester and a man of the world, nothing worse, and when he boasted, country fashion, of his immunity from London adventurers, he little thought that he was protected by one who, without vanity, might reckon himself the most dangerous of them.

I never could bring myself to profit by his intimacy, for his simple confidence always made the thought of tricking him hateful to my mind. But when one December he urged me to pass the Christmas with him at Rygate Priory my resolution wavered. London was becoming ticklish; a recent operation of mine on Finchley Common had set Bow Street buzzing, and retirement for a while would be to my advantage. I furbished my wardrobe and my manners, and made ready for a winter campaign among the country gentry of Berks.

However, I might have spared my pains of preparation. The assembly at my friend's seat was a small one—Sir Vincent, to wit, and his daughter, who was yet in her teens, and Colonel Fanning, a short, vixenish man with a black sneer ever on his face. Truly, the party did not present many possibilities either in the way of business or pleasure.

III

In the hall that night I found Miss Anne, arrayed in cap and apron, just from the superintendence of the bellmen's supper in the kitchen. Colonel Fanning had an arm-chair by the fire, and in front of it stood Sir Vincent.

"What of all this bell-ringing?" asked Fanning. "A family custom, said you?"

"Aye," replied the baronet, "a family custom. My great-aunt, Janet Macready, rest her soul, gave the peal of chimes to Wittenham Church, and built the belfry to put 'em in, and out of her estate left a rent charge to pay for the ringing of 'em every Christmas dawn."

"A generous and good lady," said I, piously.

"A generous lady, certainly," Sir Vincent said, "but as for goodness—well, I'll tell you."

"La! I must see to the pudding," cried Miss Anne, and ran out, all blushes.

Her father chuckled.

"Truth is," he explained, "that Aunt Janet, though I say it, who shouldn't, lived something overscandalously. She went to court, and made more conquests there than reputation. They say the Prince of Wales himself—well, no more of that. But the time came for her to turn from rouge to religion, and so she left her jewels to the church, for her soul's sake."

"That's well," said I; "may we all do the same."

"Amen," the Colonel responded. "Her treasure, however won, is in good service now."

"Well, that's how you look at it," Sir Vincent said. "If ringing of bells is good service, I'll approve you. All her wealth went for Wittenham Belfry. Why, man, when the bells were cast she journeyed to the foundry and dropped gems into the cooling metal. In the chapper of the tenor bell—that's Great Jenny, the villagers call it—there's a gold-set ruby worth a prince's ransom, and may be it once served for that. With these eyes I saw it run in."

"I've heard of such a custom," said I, pricking up my ears from force of habit. "The lady was daft for expiation."

"I believe you," Sir Vincent answered; "she died raving. Faith, I'd like the ruby now!"

I swear I was afraid to raise my eyes. In different lights the minds of the three of us must have been upon the selfsame object. It was a positive relief when, at that moment, a stamping of feet in the entry proclaimed the arrival of the supper party.

"But here's old Sexton Vail and his henchman," exclaimed our host. "Come, gentlemen, let us have a look at the bellmen."

Nothing would do but that we should sit down to the supper in the Priory's generous kitchen, where the humors of the evening were diverting enough. The only disturbing incident of the feast was when Sir Vincent, radiant with homely hospitality, gave the toast of his kinswoman.

"I promise you this, Vail," he concluded, "Janet Macready's soul is by you when the bells are pealed."

It was comical to see the tipsy consternation which ran over the sexton's face. The other fellows exchanged glances of stupid fear; it was plain that the thought of the sinful lady's spirit was not attractive to them. But there were country catches and country jests, and a "God save you, merry gentlemen!" by old Vail, who afterwards became wonderfully drunk and must be supported home.

"Never fear, masters," his grinning nephew assured us, "he'll be right as a trivet for the chimes, come morning."

So the company broke up. My own chamber, as well as Fanning's, was in a single-storied wing, and to it I departed with my candle, resolute, as I hoped, on bed. But my coat, plague take it, would not stay off. A dozen times I flung it on a hook and as often I shuffled into it again.

Business is business. There was nothing in my head but Wittenham Belfry and Lady Janet's ruby. In vain I dwelt upon the meanness of such an act, in vain I recalled the case of young Cosby, who filched the altar-plate from St. Martin-le-grand, and whose legs were withered by a stroke when he was safe, as he thought, in France. Perhaps for the one night of the year the guardian of the bell-tower was impotent in liquor. This was the question, when all was said and done: Could there ever be a better chance?

IV

There was considerable light from the sinking moon, and I kept in the shadow of the hedge-rows across the field. The ground was stone-hard, and the ice-bound river near by, shining like a strip of misted steel, cracked now and then with the report of a pistol-shot. It was perilous cold.

I had marked the belfry that very afternoon. It stood on a knoll, a couple of rods or so from the church, and perhaps a quarter-mile from Sir Vincent's gate. The top of the stone tower was cased in with wooden shutters to protect the bells from the weather. The door, of course, was fast.

Barring a file, I had no tool for breaking in, but on the further side of the tower my eyes lighted on a little window opening some ten feet off the ground. I laid back for a run and jumped for it, gripped the sill on the third trial, and hung there, listening.

There was not a whisper of noise anywhere. I could see the roofs of the village below me and the straight motionless threads of smoke from the chimneys. For my purposes, apparently, the bitter cold had congealed all sound and movement.

I dropped gently down on the inside of the belfry and made a spark with my tinder-box. The narrow stairs were directly in front of me, winding up into the darkness. I began the ascent, pinching out the light for safety's sake.

But, after a dozen steps, something happened which made me wish I could illuminate the belfry with the light of the sun, the moon, and all the planets. For directly over my head there was a muffled noise as of a shrill and labored sighing. I have been in many panics, before and since, but never in such a one. Wicked Lady Janet, raving on her death-bed; poor Cosby, lifeless from the waist down, and carried to the hangman's noose in a chair; the Evil One himself,

LOVE'S CHR

RISTMAS GIFTS

on guard in the black belfry—these were a few of the pleasant visions which assailed me.

They were soon gone; or perhaps it were fairer to say that I was soon determined to push forward. Anything was better than that halt on the dark stairs. What must be, must be, so I loosened my long knife and climbed on. The noise ceased. I came to a sort of rude landing where my groping hands caught in the ropes which depended from the bells above. Here I made a second light. From where I stood a short ladder ran up to an open trap-door in the platform of the belfry proper. My head and shoulders were hardly in this upper chamber when a draught of air, whistling through a crack, fell upon my bit of tinder and left me blind as an owl at mid-day. Nor was this the worst of it. I was not alone in the belfry. The sound of breathing—human breathing, regular as clock-work—is not to be mistaken.

I was past fright now. Whoever, whatever it was, my face must already have been seen. I pulled myself up, banged down the trap behind me, and with an oath, leaped in the direction of the sound. Something slipped by my arm; I gave chase, stumbling and tumbling over the supports of the bell-beams, bruising hands and shins against the heavy shutters. Who was it? Could it be Vail or his nephew? Could it be—

I cornered him; he dodged straight against my breast, and I locked him in, man or devil, in my two arms. We wrestled in the darkness. I bent his head backwards, and he fell, pulling me with him, against the shutters. The shock of it caused a fastening to give way, one of the boards clattered on the floor, and a ray of the fast-waning moonshine streamed in. The man whom I held, with my knee upon his neck, was Colonel Fanning.

V

I opened the trap and stood by it, waiting for him to rise. Our conference must be brief; it was more than likely that the clamor of the struggle might have roused a wakeful villager.

"A merry Christmas, Colonel," said I; "what do you here?"

An answer was not needed. Across the chapper of the largest bell glistened a bright line, like a polished wire. I placed a foot on the Colonel's file which lay near by.

"What am I doing?" he repeated, sullenly; "curse you, what do *you*?"

I laughed, thinking how I had him.

"Curiosity, Colonel Fanning. From my bedroom window I saw you running towards the church, and I desired to share your devotions. I hope for your behalf that none of the townsfolk is of the same mind."

"You'd be in as bad a fix, you spy."

"Not quite," I rejoined. I had noted that the trap-door was furnished with stout bars upon the under side. "Observe, Colonel: I descend this convenient ladder, securing you by these convenient bolts. I rouse the virtuous village; you are taken here, alongside the evidence of your knavery." He looked more puzzled than alarmed, and I realized that his word was as good as mine. So I proceeded:

"In the mean time we search your belongings at the Priory. Ah, sir, do you wince? Doubtless there are interesting implements there. Is this file the only tool of your trade?"

The Colonel bit his lip.

"Cogged dice, maybe? And the notes of poor Sir Vincent, which you cheated out of him?"

"You shall not touch 'em," he exclaimed, raising his head boldly. "Macready shall pay me every guinea, come what may."

His bearing and gesture caught my eye. If the proofs of Sir Vincent's indebtedness were in this man's pocket, as seemed certain, why not have them?

Why not, indeed? A very virtuous feeling (which, fortunately for my trade, I seldom experience) stole upon me as I stood there, a feeling not altogether accounted for by the propinquity of the church or of the consecrated bells. Mayhap Miss Anne's blue, childish eyes had a share in it; mayhap the baronet's honest friendliness was the reason of its oncoming.

But you must by no means credit all of this to the disinterested score of friendship. Over Fanning's shoulder I saw divers dancing lanterns in the village street. Whatever profit I was to make should be accomplished quickly; so I proffered the bargain. Let him give me Sir Vincent's notes of hand, and let him agree to bid a perpetual farewell to the Priory, and then he should go undenounced.

"And otherwise?" he asked, looking ugly. "Let me tell you, Stapleton, 'tis luck for you I am unarmed."

"Men of your stamp don't fight in the open, Colonel."

"Men of my stamp, in sooth!" he replied, mockingly. "It's a long wager you're a man of that stamp yourself. Confound you, didn't I see you making pretty eyes at the girl? You'd have the petticoat to yourself, would you, and perhaps even now, with all her air of innocence—"

"Come, come," I said, determined that he should not lure me into a brawl, "do you accept the bargain?"

"And if not?"

"You know the alternative," I said. At any moment the alarm might be beating at the door. "You can rely upon my promise. Make haste. You have while I count ten."

The fellow was in a hard position. He glanced about him desperately; he measured my strength, and then, with a prodigious sigh, handed me a packet.

"Down we go," I cried, pointing to the ladder. "You first, and hurry. Did you enter by the window?"

"Yes," he answered, as he began the descent.

Then there was beating below, like the assault of a battering-ram, and an excited murmur of voices. Fanning grabbed me by the ankle.

"Tricked!" he growled; "tricked, by God! You shall pay for this, even if we swing together for it."

"Rein up, Colonel," says I. "Don't bellow till the fox is dead. The top of the tower's the safer place for you and me."

VI

In truth, my bold words were words and nothing more. We were two frightened men who stood side by side on the uppermost platform. The moon had sunk, and the night was black as pitch. From the stir at the foot of the stairs one would have sworn that all the dwellers in Long Wittenham had encompassed us. I ran to the edge of the parapet and peered over, though with what intention I do not know; a man could have escaped more easily from the condemned cell at Newgate. But if we both were captured in that cursed belfry the outcome could not be forereckoned.

"I shall call out," whispered Colonel Fanning. "We'll see which one will be believed."

"Have you forgotten the evidence in your boxes at Sir Vincent's?" I retorted. "But keep your word, and I'll keep mine."

He little suspected that discovery was as risky to me as to him. Jack Stapleton would be a sorry figure in a government witness-box, and Bow Street would die a-laughing at such a turn of the wheel. There was little time, however, to waste in meditation upon this ludicrous contingency, for the phalanx below us was making progress.

The sexton, with his keys, was not of the party, for the door had been forced. At a slow, strangely slow, pace they came trooping up the stairs, stopping often for consultation. I was at my wits' end, when by chance the metal buttons of my coat sleeve struck sharply against the tenor bell. An instant hush fell upon the explorers. Indeed, I do not blame them; the faint tang sounded uncanny in the frosty darkness. It was as if the bells were whispering among themselves.

"Bless and save us!" quavered an awe-struck voice through the trap. "Tom Vail, I'll go no further."

"No good is here!" stammered another.

"Old witch Janet herself," said a tremulous third. "Kind Heaven, listen to that!"

Fanning, quicker than I at taking the cue, had given one of the bells a smart rap with his file, and immediately thereafter I performed the same office with the hilt of my knife, extracting a fine boom from Great Jenny. The effect was miraculous.

"The ropes don't be movin'," declared a clodhopper, in desperate accents; "mark, the bells is a-ringin' without a hand. Oh, miserable sinners! Where's Tom Vail?"

"Here I be," yelled Tom from far below; "I'm off for parson. Do ye stay by!"

"Dang it! not me," gasped one, and thereupon the panic seized them all. Head over heels the rustics threw themselves down the stairs, while the Colonel and I played a parting salute upon the bells. Dropping to the lower staging, we tugged the ropes like sailors in a squall, and never was such a peal heard in Long Wittenham. Beelzebub could not have outdone us. Our ears were bursting with the clang, and the very belfry seemed to rock.

"Now's our chance, if ever," I shouted in the midst of the din.

Fanning and I had scrambled down the stairs and out of the open window before the reverberations quieted. We scurried across the frozen furrows, keeping the tower between us and the group of terrified rustics which I opined to be huddled about the door of the belfry. The village was alive with lights, and we could hear people stirring about the Priory as we climbed, panting, through the open window of my bedroom.

"The bargain holds?" I whispered, before the Colonel slipped along the corridor to his apartment.

"Yes," he replied, "the bargain holds. You've hipped me this once, Stapleton, and I'll remember it."

"I should think you would," said I, and closed the door after him.

VII

"Your adieus are sudden, Colonel," said Sir Vincent, courteously, when we filed out of the breakfast-room.

"So they are," Fanning answered.

"This it is to be a man of many duties," I put in. "His time is not his own."

"And Christmas day is only just begun," continued Sir Vincent. "They were late with the chimes; did you hear 'em?"

"Colonel Fanning roused me for the purpose," I replied. "We enjoyed them vastly. But were there not two peals?"

"Oh, the village had a furious scare," exclaimed Miss Macready. "Some roisterers played a trick on poor old Vail, but every one will have it that an evil spirit was the cause."

"Perhaps that is the right of it," says I, "but evil spirits have to absent themselves sometimes. Shall I help you to mount, Colonel?"

Fanning dared no retort, and affected not to hear.

"Farewell, Miss Anne," said he. "Sir Vincent, I give you good-day. Life at the Priory is charming. Mr. Stapleton, we shall doubtless meet again."

"Always at your service, sir," I assented. And he rode away.

Sir Vincent looked at him doubtfully. "What evil is he up to now, Nanny?" says the baronet.

"Forget about the dog," I cried. "He's best forgotten on such a day as this. 'Tis Christmas morning, Sir Vincent, and if I may venture on a gift—"

I handed him the packet without more words; when he saw what it contained, amazement and joy struggled so for mastery that he could do nothing but stare with brimming eyes.

"Not a syllable of explanation!" I declared, "excepting that Fanning's a confessed swindler, and that you're not bound to pay him a sixpence."

"But, Jack! But, Mr. Stapleton!" vociferated father and daughter together.

"I must understand more of this," said he.

"You shall," I answered, "whenever you wish, except to-day."

So, laughing, I waved them both off; and thereupon we set about keeping this holiday in the heartiest of good fashions—the most happy Christmas, I dare say, that Rygate Priory has known.

But the day is marked with a black letter in the annals of Long Wittenham. The villagers, even now, like to frighten themselves by relating how the devil played the chimes and left the mark of his claws on Great Jenny. As for the chapper, it is still there, and will probably so remain, unless some unprofitable season in our trade should induce Colonel Fanning or myself to try a second expedition to the belfry.

"I opened the Trap and stood by It."

IT was in the kitchen of the inn at Framlingham that Mr. Mitchelbourne came across the man who was afraid, and during the Christmas week of the year 1861. Lewis Mitchelbourne was young in those days, and esteemed as a gentleman of refinement and sensibility with a queer taste for escapades. It was his pride to bear his part in the graceful tactics of a minuet while a saddled horse waited for him at the door. He delighted to vanish of a sudden from the lighted circle of his friends into the dark byways where none knew him. Not that it was all vanity with Mitchelbourne. He had both courage and resource, and so felt it good to be free for a while, not from the restraints, but from the safeguards with which his social circumstances surrounded him. He had his spice of philosophy, too, and discovered that these sharp contrasts kept fresh his zest of life.

Thus it happened that at a time when families were gathering cheerily about one fireside, Mr. Mitchelbourne was riding alone through the muddy and desolate lanes of Suffolk. The winter was not seasonable; men were not tempted out of doors. There was neither briskness nor sunlight in the air, and there was no snow upon the ground. It was a December of dripping branches, and mists and steady pouring rains, with a raw, sluggish cold which crept into one's marrow.

The man who was afraid, a large corpulent man with a flaccid face and bright little inexpressive eyes like a bird's, sat on a bench within the glow of the fire.

"You travel far to-night?" he asked, nervously shuffling his feet.

"To-night!" exclaimed Mitchelbourne, as he stood with his legs apart taking the comfortable warmth into his bones. "No farther than from this fire to my bed," and he listened with enjoyment to the rain which cracked upon the window like a shower of gravel. He was not suffered to listen long, for the corpulent man began again:

"I am an observer, sir. I pride myself upon it, but I have so much humility as to wish to put my observations to the test of fact. Now, from your carriage I should judge you to serve his Majesty."

"A civilian may be straight. There is no law against it," returned Mitchelbourne, and he perceived that the ambiguity of his reply threw his questioner into a great alarm. He was at once interested. Here, it seemed, was one of those encounters which were the spice of his journeyings.

"You will pardon me," continued the stranger, with a great assumption of heartiness. "But I am curious, sir; curious as Socrates, though, I thank God, I am no heathen. Here is Christmas, when a sensible gentleman, as upon my word I take you to be, sits to his table and drinks more than is good for him in honor of the season. Yet here are you upon the roads of Suffolk which have nothing to recommend them. I wonder at it, sir."

"You may do that," replied Mitchelbourne; "though, to be sure, there are two of us in the like case."

"Oh, as for me," said his companion, shrugging his shoulders, "I am on my way to be married. My name is Lance," and he blurted it out with a suddenness as though to catch Mitchelbourne off his guard. Mitchelbourne bowed politely.

"And my name is Mitchelbourne, and I travel for my pleasure. I take comfort from thinking that I have no friend from one rim of the county to the other, and that my closest intimates have not an inkling of my whereabouts."

Mr. Lance received the explanation with undisguised suspicion; and at supper, which the two men took together, he would be forever laying traps, now introducing some outlandish name or oath unexpectedly into his talk, and mentioning this person and that with whom Mitchelbourne was quite unfamiliar. At length, however, he seemed satisfied, and drawing up his chair to the fire, he showed himself at once in his true character—a loud and gusty boaster.

"An exchange of sentiments, Mr. Mitchelbourne, with a chance acquaintance over a pipe and a glass—upon my word, I think you are in the right of it, and there's no pleasanter way of passing an evening. I could tell you stories, sir; I served the King in his wars; but I scorn a braggart; and all those glories are over. I am now a man of peace, and, as I told you, on my way to be married. Am I wise? I do not know, but I sometimes think it preposterous that a man who has been here and there about the world, and could, if he were so meanly minded, tell a tale or so of success in gallantry, should hamper himself with connubial fetters. But a man must settle, to be sure, and since the lady is young, and not wanting in looks or breeding, as I am told—"

"As you are told?" interrupted Mitchelbourne.

"Yes, for I have never seen her. No, not so much as her miniature. Nor have I seen her mother either, or any of the family, except the father, from whom I carry letters to introduce me. I bring a fortune, the lady a standing in the country."

"And what has the lady to say to it?" asked Mitchelbourne.

"The lady!" replied Lance, with a stare. "Nothing but what is dutiful, I'll be bound. The father is under obligations to me." He stopped suddenly, and Mitchelbourne, looking up, saw that his mouth had fallen. He sat with his eyes starting from his head, an image of panic pitiful to behold. Mitchelbourne spoke, but got no answer. It seemed Lance could not speak, he was so arrested by a paralysis of terror. In a little, however, he rose, trembling, from his chair, and swept the dust off a corner of the mantel-piece into the palm of his hand. Then he held his palm to the lamp.

"Have you seen the like of this before?" he asked.

Mitchelbourne looked over his shoulder. The dust was in reality a very fine grain of a greenish tinge.

"Never," said Mitchelbourne.

"No, nor I," said Lance, with a cunning look at his companion, and opening his fingers he let the grain run between them. But he could not remove as easily from Mitchelbourne's memories that picture he had shown him of a shaking and shaken man. Mitchelbourne went to bed, divided in his feelings between pity for the lady and curiosity as to Lance's apprehensions. In the morning the curiosity predominated, and since he had no particular destination, he was easily persuaded to ride to Saxmundham with Mr. Lance, who, for his part, was most earnest for a companion. On the journey Lance gave further evidence of his fears. He had a trick of looking backwards whenever they came to a corner of the road—a habitual trick, it seemed, acquired by a continued condition of fear. When they stopped at mid-day to eat at an ordinary, he inspected the guests through the chink at the hinges of the door before he would enter the room; and this too he did as though it had long been natural to him. He kept a bridle in his mouth, however; that little pile of grain upon the mantel-shelf had somehow warned him into reticence; so that Mitchelbourne, had he not been addicted to his tobacco, would have learnt no more of the business, and would have escaped the extraordinary peril which he was subsequently called upon to face.

But he was addicted to his tobacco, and no sooner had he finished his supper than he called for a pipe. The maid-servant fetched a handful from a cupboard and spread them upon the table; and amongst them was one plainly of Barbary manufacture. It had a straight wooden stem painted with hieroglyphics in red and green, and a small reddish bowl of baked earth. Nine men out of ten would, no doubt, have overlooked it, but Mitchelbourne was the tenth man. His fancies were quick to kindle, and taking up the pipe, he said in a musing voice,

"Now, how in the world comes a Barbary pipe to travel so far over seas and herd in the end with common clays in a little Suffolk village?"

He heard behind him the grating of a chair violently pushed back. The pipe seemingly made its appeal to Mr. Lance also.

"Has it been smoked?" he asked, in a grave, low voice.

"The inside of the bowl is stained," said Mitchelbourne.

Mitchelbourne had been inclined to believe that he had seen last evening the extremity of fear expressed in a man's face; he had now to admit that he was wrong. Mr. Lance's terror was a Circe to him, and sunk him into something grotesque and inhuman; so that Mitchelbourne, looking at him, was ashamed and hurt. Lance would not stay another hour in that house. It was raining; the road was vile; there was no house where they could sleep nearer than the village of Glemham, six good miles away.

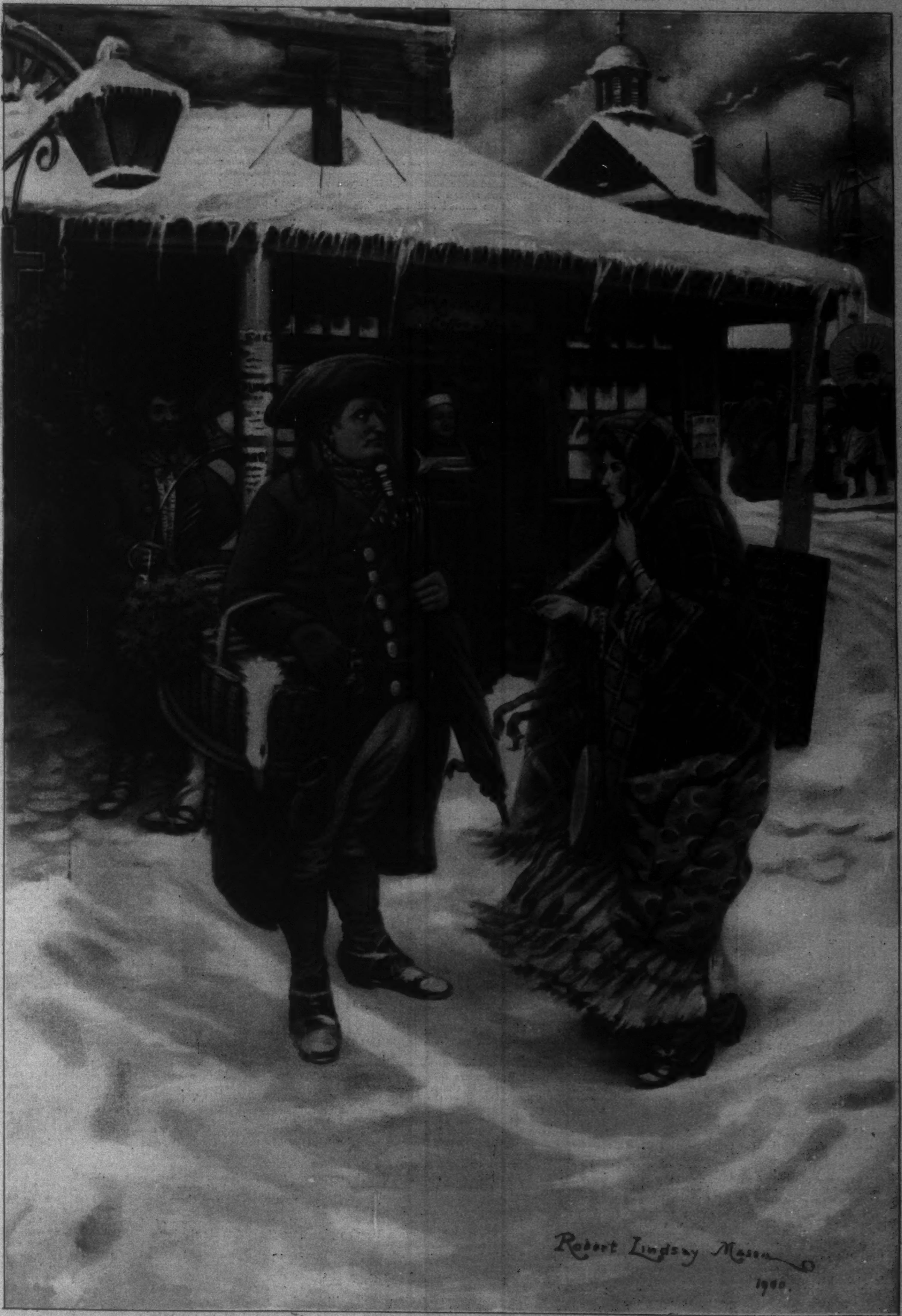
"So much the better," said Lance. "Besides, I am expected to-morrow evening at 'The Willows,' and Glemham is on the way," and secretly he paid his bill, slipped over to the stables, and lent a hand to the saddling of his horse. Mitchelbourne, though for once in his life he regretted the precipitancy with which he welcomed strangers, was still sufficiently provoked to see the business to its end. His imagination was seized by the thought of this fat and vulgar person fleeing in terror through English lanes from a Barbary Moor. He accordingly rode out with Lance towards Glemham.

It was a night of extraordinary blackness; you could not distinguish a hedge until the twigs stung across your face. The road was narrow; great tree-trunks with bulging roots lined it. At times it was very steep; and besides and beyond every other discomfort there was the rain. It fell pitilessly straight over the face of the country with a continuous roar as though the earth was a hollow drum. Both travellers were drenched to the skin before they were free of Saxmundham, and one of them, when after midnight they stumbled into the poor tumble-down parody of a tavern at Glemham, was in an extreme exhaustion. It was no more than an ague, said Lance, from which he periodically suffered; but the two men slept in the same bare room, and towards morning Mitchelbourne was awakened from a deep slumber by an unfamiliar voice talking at an incredible speed through the darkness in an uncouth tongue. He started up upon his elbow; the voice came from Lance's bed. He struck a light. Lance was in a high fever, which increased as the morning grew.

Now whether he had the sickness latent within him when he came from Barbary, or whether his anxieties and corpulent habit made him an easy victim to disease, neither the doctor nor any one else could determine. But at twelve o'clock that day Lance was seized with an attack of cholera, and by three in the afternoon he was dead. The suddenness of the catastrophe shocked Mr. Mitchelbourne inexpressibly. He stood gazing at the still features of the man whom fear had during these last days so grievously tormented, and was solemnly aware of the vanity of his fears. He could not pretend to any great esteem for his companion, but he made many suitable reflections upon the shears of the Fates and the temerity of life, in which occupation he was interrupted by the doctor, who pointed out the necessity of immediate burial. Seven o'clock the next morning was the hour agreed upon, and Mitchelbourne at once searched in Lance's coat pockets for the letters which he carried. There were only two, superscribed respectively to Mrs. Ufford at "The Willows" near Glemham and to her daughter Drusilla. At "The Willows," Mitchelbourne remembered, Lance was expected this very evening, and he thought it right at once to ride thither with his sad news.

Having taken, therefore, such rough precautions as were possible to remove the taint of infection from the letters, he started about four o'clock. The evening was most melancholy. For though no rain fell, there were a continual pattering of drops from the trees and a ghostly creaking of branches in a light and almost imperceptible wind. The day, too, was falling; the gray canopy of cloud was changing to black, except for one wide space in the west, where a pale spectral light shone without radiance; and the last of that was fading when he pulled up at a parting of the roads and inquired of a man who chanced to be standing there his way to "The Willows." He was directed to ride down one of the roads until he came to the second house, which he could not mistake, for there was a dike about the garden wall. He passed the first house a mile farther on, and perhaps half a mile beyond that he came to the dike and the high garden wall, and saw the gables of the second house loom up behind it against the sky. A wooden bridge spanned the dike and led to a wide gate. The gate stood open, and Mitchelbourne looked down an avenue of trees into a square, of which three sides were made by the high garden wall and the fourth and innermost by the house. Thus the whole length of the house fronted him, and it struck him as very singular that neither in the lower nor the upper windows was there anywhere a spark of light; nor was there any sound but the tossing of the branches and the wail of the wind among the chimneys. Not even a dog barked or rattled a chain, and from no chimney breathed a wisp of

A HORSE & HORSE-LESS YULE TIDE EPISODE A.D. 1900
Herein is told with Pictures of the Adventures of 3 very Young Clubmen Of Manhattan who, Fired by the reading of A Tale in which is set forth that which befell 3 Old Time Gallants during a Countryside Christmas Journey,—essay A similar expedition ... & call upon social acquaintances on Long Island ....
the Idea comes to them at the Club..
Christmas morn finds them, presents purchased, selecting Horses...
and a very pleasant start ...is made.
A Modern convenience disturbs them and
ALBERT LEVERING
A short stop occurs .... in which the HORSES become somewhat restless
...and ends by leaving them All together ...... scattered
The Autoist guarantees them transport to their destination
...but a miserable Trolley car...develops a Flaw in his guarantee..
2885
They are again assisted with their Bundles.......
..... and complete the journey by Trolley...
On Arriving at the Showdins the Gardener informs them the family is in Manhattan.
and the Steam cars bring them back to the Club....



THE GRASSHOPPER AND THE ANT.

smoke. The house in the gloom of that melancholy evening had a singularly eerie and tenantless look; an oppressive silence reigned there; and Mitchelbourne was unaccountably conscious of a growing aversion to it, as to something inimical and sinister.

He had crossed the mouth of a lane just at the corner of the wall, and he now turned and rode down it past the end of the house, thinking to get a view of the back. A meadow stretched behind the house, into which Mitchelbourne entered. He found himself upon the edge of a pool, which on the opposite side wetted the house wall. About it some elder-trees and elms grew and overhung, and their boughs tapped like fingers upon the window-panes. Mitchelbourne was assured that the house was inhabited, since from one of the windows a strong yellow light blazed, and whenever a sharper gust blew the branches aside, swept across the face of the pool like a flaw of wind.

The lighted window was in the lowest story, and Mitchelbourne could see into the room. He was mystified beyond expression by what he saw. A deal table, three wooden chairs, some ragged curtains drawn back from the windows, and a single lamp made up the furniture. The boards of the floor were bare and unswept; the paint was peeling from the panels of the walls; the discolored ceiling was hung with cobwebs; the room matched the outward aspect of the house in its look of long disuse. Yet it had occupants. Three men were seated at the table in the scarlet coats and boots of the King's officers. Their faces were brown with the sun, and thin and drawn as with much privation and anxiety. They had little to say to one another, it seemed. Each man sat in a sort of suspense and expectation, with now and then a restless movement, or a curt word as curtly answered.

Mitchelbourne rode back again, crossed the bridge, fastened his horse to a tree, and walked down the avenue to the door. As he mounted the steps he perceived that the door was wide open, and the void of the hall yawned black before him. It was a fresh surprise, but in this night of surprises one more or less was of little account. He stepped into the hall and felt his way with his hand upon the wall. As he advanced he saw a thin line of light upon the floor in front of him. The light came, no doubt, from underneath a door, and the door, no doubt, was that behind which the three men waited. He walked forward and tapped upon the door. At once the light within the room was extinguished.

It needed just that swift and silent obliteration of the slip of light upon the floor to make Mitchelbourne afraid. He had been upon the brink of fear ever since he had seen that lonely and disquieting house; he was now caught in the full stream. He turned back. Through the open doorway he saw the avenue of leafless trees tossing against a leaden sky. He took a step or two and then came suddenly to a halt. For all around him in the darkness he seemed to hear voices breathing and soft footsteps. He realized that his fear had overstepped his reason; he forced himself to remember the contempt he had felt for Lance's manifestations of terror, and swinging round again, he flung open the door and entered the room.

The three men were seated, he knew, at the table on his right hand. The faint light from the window did not reach them, and they made no noise. He could not even hear them breathing. He crossed the room, his heart hammering at his breast, and bereft of his wits.

He reached the window and there stood in its embrasure, and one definite thought crept into his mind. He was visible to these men who were invisible to him, and tearing at the curtains he dragged them till they met across the window so that even the faint gray glimmer of the night no longer had entrance. The next moment he heard the door behind him latch and a key turn in a lock. He crouched beneath the window, and did not stand up again until a light was struck and the lamp relit.

One of the officers now leaned against the door; the other two still sat about the table, looking towards Mitchelbourne, and with a certain air of the theatre in their attitudes. At last the oldest of the party spoke, with a sort of aggravated courtesy like a man of no breeding counterfeiting a gentleman upon the stage.

"You will pardon us for receiving you with so little ceremony. But while we expected you, you, on the other hand, were not expecting us, and we feared that you might hesitate to come in if the lamp was burning when you opened the door."

Mitchelbourne, perceiving that there was some mistake, made haste to put it right.

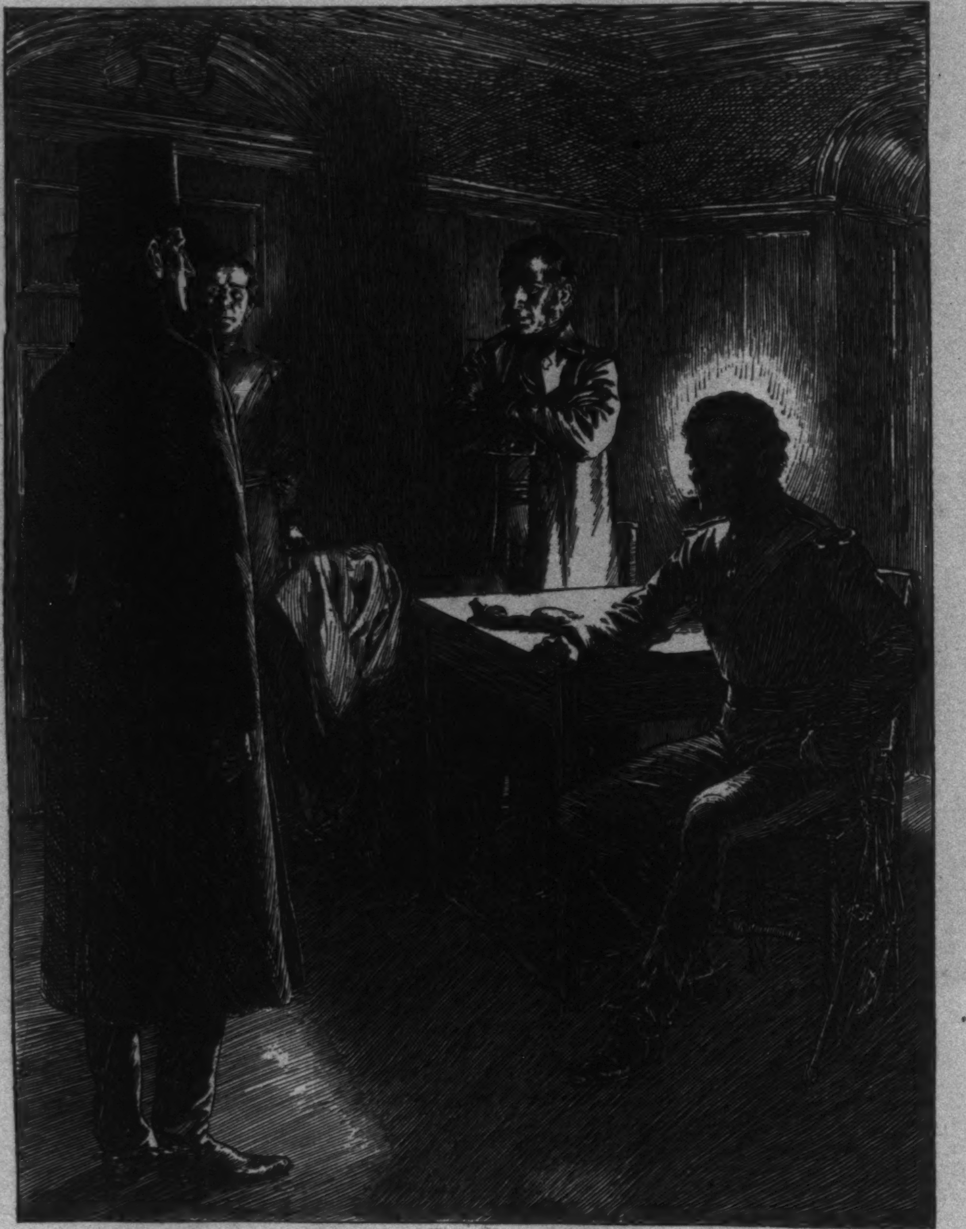
"On the contrary," said he. "For I knew very well you were here. Indeed, I knocked at the door to make a necessary inquiry. You did not extinguish the lamp so quickly but that I saw the light beneath the doorway, and besides I watched you for some five minutes through the window from the opposite bank of the pool."

The officers were plainly disconcerted. They had expected to carry off a triumph, not to be taken up in an argument.

"These are dialectics," said the spokesman, with a wave of the hand, and his two companions repeated the word as though it was a good word and the man who uttered it worthy of admiration.

"Besides," continued Mitchelbourne, "it is you who were not expecting me, since I have been misdirected."

Here the three men smiled and the spokesman recovered his confidence.



"One of the Officers now leaned against the Door."

"We took precautions that you should be," said he, with a chuckle. "You were seeking the house of Mrs. Ufford, I believe; it is the first house, and you passed it on the road. But we are forgetting our manners," he added, rising from his chair. "You should know our names. The gentleman at the door is Captain Bassett, this is Cornet Lashley, and I am Major Chantrell. We are all three of Trevelyan's regiment, and but lately returned from Tangiers."

"And my name," said Mitchelbourne, politely, "is Lewis Mitchelbourne."

At this each of the officers was seized with a fit of laughter; but before Mitchelbourne had time to resent their behavior Major Chantrell said, indulgently,

"Well, well, we shall not quarrel about names."

The riddle was becoming clearer. Mitchelbourne advanced to the table.

"Did one of you," he added, "leave a Moorish pipe behind you at the inn in Saxmundham?"

"Yes," said Captain Bassett. "I made that mistake. You are here, however, none the less."

"You have brought with you some of the Moorish tobacco?"

Captain Bassett fetched out of his pocket a little canvas bag, and handed it to Mitchelbourne, who untied the string about the neck and poured some of the contents into the palm of his hand. The tobacco was a fine greenish seed.

"I thought as much," said Mitchelbourne. "You expected Mr. Lance to-night. It is Mr. Lance whom you thought to misdirect to this solitary house. It is Mr. Lance for whom you now mistake me."

The young man at the door uttered a short, contemptuous laugh. Major Chantrell only smiled.

"I am aware," said he, "that we meet for the first time to-night. But you presume upon that fact too far. What have you to say to this?" and dragging a big and battered pistol from his pocket, he tossed it upon the table and folded his arms in the best transpontine manner.

"And to this?" said Captain Bassett. He laid a worn leather powder-flask beside the pistol and tapped upon the table triumphantly.

Mr. Mitchelbourne recognized clearly that villany was somewhat checkmated by these actions and virtue restored, but how he could not for the life of him determine. He took up the pistol.

"It appears to have seen some honorable service," said he. This remark had a startling effect upon his audience. At once their affectations vanished.

"Service, yes, but honorable! Use that lie again, Mr. Lance, and I'll ram the butt of it down your throat!" cried Major Chantrell. He leaned forward over the table in a blaze of fury, yet his face did no more than match the faces of his comrades.

Mitchelbourne began to understand. These simple soldier-men had endeavored to conduct their proceedings with great dignity and a judicial calmness, and so they had become simply absurd and ridiculous. Now, however, that passion had the upper hand with them, Mitchelbourne saw at once that he stood in deadly peril. These were men.

"Understand me, Mr. Lance. I was in command of Devil's Drop, a little fort on the sand outside Tangiers. The Moors pushed their trenches up to our palisades; I ordered a sortie. Nine officers went out with me and three came back—we three. Of the six we left behind five fell—by my orders, to be sure, but, by the living God, you killed them! There's the pistol that shot my best friend down, an English pistol. There's the powder-flask which charged the pistol, an English flask filled with English powder. And who sold the pistol and the powder to the Moors—England's enemies? You, an Englishman. But you have come to the end of your lane to-night. Turn and turn as you will, you have come to the end of it."

The truth was now out, and Mitchelbourne was chilled with apprehension. Here were three men very desperately set upon what they considered a mere act of justice. How was he to dissuade them? By argument? They would not listen to it.

"You persist in error, Major Chantrell?" he nevertheless began.

"Show him the proof, Bassett," Chantrell interrupted, with a shrug of his shoulders, and Captain Bassett drew from his pocket a folded sheet of paper.

"Five were killed," continued Chantrell; "three are here. The ninth was taken a prisoner into Barbary. The Moors brought him down to Marmora to interpret. At Marmora your ship unloaded and our brother-officer was your interpreter. You know that, but this you do not know, Mr. Lance. He escaped; he crept into Tangiers with this, your bill of lading, in his hand," and Bassett tossed the sheet of paper towards Mitchelbourne. It fell upon the floor before him, but he did not trouble to pick it up.

"Is it Lance's death that you require?" he asked them.

"Yes—yes—yes," came from each mouth.

"Then already you have your wish. I do not question one word of your charges against Lance. I have reason to believe them true. But I am not Lance. Lance lies at this moment dead at Great Glemham. He died this afternoon of cholera. Here are his letters," and he laid the letters on the table. "I rode in with them at once. You do not believe me, but you can put my words to the test. Let one of you ride to Great Glemham and satisfy himself. He will be back before the morning."

The three officers listened so far with impassive faces; or barely listened, for they were as indifferent to the words as to the passion with which they were spoken.

"We have had enough of the gentleman's ingenuities, I think," said Chantrell, and turning to Mitchelbourne: "You hardly appreciate that we have been at some pains to come up with you. We are not likely again to find so many circumstances agreeing to favor us—a dismantled house, yourself travelling alone and off your guard in a country with which you are unfamiliar, and where none know you, and just outside the window a convenient pool. Besides—besides," he broke out, passionately, "there are the little mounds about Tangiers, under which my friends lie," and he covered his face with his hands. "My friends!" he cried, in a hoarse and broken voice. "My soldier-men! Come, let's make an end. Bassett, the rope is in the corner. There's a noose to it. The beam across the window will serve;" and Bassett rose to obey.

But Mitchelbourne gave them no time. His fears had altogether vanished before his indignation at the stupidity of these officers. He was boiling with anger at the thought that he must lose his life in this futile ignominious way for the crime of another man, who was not even his friend, and who, besides, was already dead.

"So that's the way of it," he cried, stepping forward. "I am to be hung up to a beam till I kick to death, am I? I am to be buried decently in that stagnant pool, am I? And you to be miles away before sunrise and no one the wiser! No, Major Chantrell, I am not come to the end of my lane," and before either of the three could guess what he was at, he had snatched up the pistol from the table and dashed the lamp into a thousand fragments.

The flame shot up blue and high and then came darkness.

Mitchelbourne jumped lightly back from his position to the centre of the room. The men he had to deal with were men who would follow their instincts. They would feel along the walls. He heard the coil of rope drop down in a corner to his left, so that he knew where Captain Bassett was. He heard a chair upset in front of him, and a man staggered against him. Mitchelbourne had the pistol still in his hand and struck hard, and the man dropped with a crash. The fall followed so closely upon the upsetting of the chair that it seemed part of the same movement and accident. It seemed so clearly part, that a voice spoke on Mitchelbourne's left, just where the empty hearth would be:

"Get up! Be quick!"

The voice was Major Chantrell's, and Mitchelbourne had a throb of hope. For since it was not the Major who had fallen, nor Captain Bassett, it must be Lashley. And Lashley had been guarding the door, of which the key still remained in the lock. If only he could reach that door and turn the key! He heard Chantrell moving stealthily along the wall, and he suffered a moment's agony, for in the darkness he could not surely tell which way he moved. For if the Major moved to the window, if he had the sense to move to the window and tear aside those drawn curtains, Mitchelbourne's chance would be gone. And then something totally unexpected and unhoped-for occurred. Mitchelbourne was strung to so high a pitch that the ridiculous aspect of it came home to him before all else, and he could barely keep himself from laughing aloud. For he heard two men grappling and struggling silently together. Captain Bassett and Major Chantrell had each other by the throat, and neither of them had the wit to speak. They reserved their strength for their struggle. Mitchelbourne stepped on tiptoe to the door, felt for the key, grasped it without so much as a click, and then suddenly turned it, flung open the door and sprang out. He sprang against a fourth man, the servant, no doubt, who misdirected him, and both tumbled on to the floor. Mitchelbourne, however, tumbled on the top. He was on to his feet while Major Chantrell was explaining matters to Captain Bassett; he was flying down the avenue of trees before the explanation was finished. He did not stay to untie his horse. He ran, conscious that there was only one place of safety for him, the interior of Mrs. Ufford's house. He ran along the road till he felt that his heart was cracking within him, expecting every moment that a hand would be laid upon his shoulder or that a pistol-shot would ring out upon the night. He reached the house and knocked loudly at the door. He was admitted breathless by a man-servant, who said to him at once with the smile and familiarity of an old servant, "You are welcome, Mr. Lance."

Mitchelbourne plumped down upon a chair and burst into uncontrollable laughter. He gave up all attempt for that night to establish his identity; the fates were too heavily against him. Besides, he was now quite hysterical.

The man-servant threw open a door.

"I will tell my mistress you have come, sir," said he.

"It would never do," cried Mitchelbourne, springing up. "You see, I died at three o'clock this afternoon. I have come to leave my letters of presentation. But it would never do for me to be paying visits upon ladies so soon after an affair of so much importance to me. Besides, I have to be buried at seven in the morning, and if I chanced not to be back in time I should certainly acquire a reputation for levity, which, since I am unknown in the county, I am unwilling to incur," and leaving the butler stupefied in the hall, he ran out into the road. He heard no sound of pursuit.

Gifts

By E. S. Martin

THE imperial child to whom the wise men brought
Their gifts, and worshipped in His lowly nest,
Gave no gift back. It was Himself they sought,
And finding Him, were sated in their quest.
Their gifts, not expectation, but their joy expressed.
Now was the world's long yearning satisfied!
Now was the prize long waited for possessed!
Their gifts meant love, unmarred by lust or pride.
Be it so with ours: our aim, not debts to pay,
Nor any recompense save love to win.
Nor any grosser feeling to convey
Than brought the wise men's gifts to Bethlehem's inn.
Those rate we best that no return afford
Save the pure sense of having found our Lord.

A CHRISTMAS MASQUE.

*Mr. Dooley**

XLIX.—ON THE CRUSADE AGAINST VICE

"VICE," said Mr. Dooley, "is a creature of such heejous mien, as Hogan says, that th' more ye see it th' betther ye like it. I'd be afraid to enther upon a crusade again vice f'r fear I might prefer it to th' varchous life iv a rayspictable liquor dealer. But annyhow, th' crusade has started, an' befure manny months I'll be lookin' undher th' table whin I set down to a peaceful game iv solytaire to see if a polisman in citizens' clothes ain't concealed there.

"Th' city iv New York, Hinnissy, sets th' fashion iv vice an' starts th' crusade again it. Thin iv'rybody else takes it up.

"As a people, Hinnissy, we're th' greatest crusaders that iver was—f'r a short distance. On a quarther-mile thrack we can crusade at a rate that wud make Hogan's frind Godfrey th' Bullion look like a crab. But th' throuble is th' crusade don't last afther th' first sprint. Th' crusaders dhrops out iv th' procission to take a dhrink or put a little money on th' ace, an' be th' time th' end iv th' line iv march is reached th' boss crusader is alone in th' job an' his former followers is hurlin' bricks at him fr'm th' windows iv policy-shops. Th' boss crusader always gets th' double cross. If I wanted to sind me good name down to th' ginerations with Cap Kidd an' Jesse James, I'd lead a movement f'r th' suppression iv vice. I wud so.

"Ye see, Hinnissy, 'tis this way: th' la-ads ilicted to office an' put on th' polis foorce is in need iv a little loose change, an' th' on'y way they can get it is to be negotyatin' with vice. Tammany can't raise anny money on th' churches; it won't do f'r thim to raid a gints' furnishin' shtore f'r keepin' disorderly neck-ties in th' window. They've got to get th' money where it's comin' to thim, an' 'tis on'y comin' to thim where th' law an' vile human nature has a shtrangle holt on each other. A polisman goes afther vice as an officer iv th' law, an' comes away as a philosopher.

"Well, th' la-ads goes on usin' th' revised statues as a sand-bag, an' by-an'-by th' captain iv th' polis station gets to a pint where his steam yacht bumps into a canoe iv th' prisidint iv th' Standhard Ile Comp'ny, an' thin there's th' divvle to pay. It's been a dull summer, annyhow, an' people ar-re lookin' f'r a change an' a little divarsion, an' somebody who doesn't raymimber what happened to th' last man that led a crusade again vice gets up, an' says he: 'This here city is a verytable Sodom an' it must be cleaned out,' an' ivrybody takes a broom at it. Th' churches appints comities, an' so does th' Stock Exchange an' th' Brewers' Society, an' afther awhile other organizations jumps into th' fray, as Hogan says. Witnesses is summoned befure th' comity iv th' Amaljamated Union iv Shell Wurrukers, th' S'ciety f'r th' Privintion iv Good Money, th' Ancient Ordher iv send Men, th' Knights iv th' Round Table with th' slit in th' centhre; an' Spike McGlue, th' burglar, examines thim on vice they have met an' what ought to be done tow'rd keepin' th' polis in nights. Thin th' man that objects to canary bur-rds in windows, shtreet music, vivysection, profanity, expensive fun'rals, open shtreet cars, an' other vices, takes a hand, an' ye can hear him as well as th' others. Vice is th' on'y thing talked iv at th' church socyables an' th' mothers' meetin's; 'tis raysolved be th' Insomnya Club that now's th' time to make a flyin' wedge again th' divvlish hurdy gurdy, an' meetin's are called to burn th' polis ile f'r not arrestin' th' criminals who sell vig-itables at th' top iv their lungs. Some wan invints an anti-vice cocktail. Lectures is delivered to small bodies iv preachers on how to detect vice, so that no wan can palm off countherfeit vice on thim an' make thim think 'tis good. Th' polis becomes active, an' whin th' polis is active 'tis a good time f'r dacint men to wear marredge certy-ficates outside iv their coats.

"Th' boss crusader is havin' th' time iv his life all th' while. His pitcher is in th' pa-apers ivry mornin', an' his sermons is a directhry iv places iv amusement. He says to himsilf: 'I am improvin' th' wurruld, an' me name will go down to th' ginerations as th' greatest vice buster iv th' cinchry. Whin I get through they won't be enough crime left in this city to amuse a shtranger fr'm Hannybal, Missoury, f'r twinty minyits,' he says. That's where he's wrong. Afther awhile people gets tired iv th' pastime. They want somewhere to go nights. Most people ain't vicious, Hinnissy, an' it takes vice to hunt vice. That accounts f'r polismen. Besides, th' horse show or th' football games or somethin' else excitin' divarts their attintion, an' wan day th' boss crusader finds that he's alone in Sodom. 'Vice ain't so bad afther all. I notice business was betther whin 'twas rampant,' says wan la-ad. 'Sure, ye're right,' says another. 'I haven't sold a single pink shirt since that man Markers closed th' faro games,' says he. 'Th' theaytre business ain't what it was whin they was more vice,' says another. 'This ain't no Connecticut village,' he says. 'So 'tis no use thryin' to inthrajooce soomchury legislation in this impeeryal American city,' he says, 'where people come pursooed be th' sheriff fr'm ivry corner iv th' wurruld,' he says. 'Ye can't make laws f'r this community that wud suit a New England village,' he says, 'where,' he says, 'th' people ar-re too civ-ilized to be immoral,' he says. 'Vice,' he says, 'goes a long way tow'rd makin' life bearable,' he says. 'A little vice now an' thin is relished be th' best iv men,' he says. 'Who's this Parkers, annyhow, interferin' with th' liberty iv th' indi-vidooal, an',' he says, 'makin' it hard to rint houses on th' side shtreets,' he says. 'I bet ye if ye invistigate ye'll find that he's no betther thin he shud be himsilf,' he says. An' th' best Parkers gets out iv it is to be able to escape fr'm town in a wig an' false whiskers. Thin th' captain iv th' polis that's been a spindin' his vacation in th' disthrict where a man has to be a Rocky Mountain sheep to be a polisman, returns to his old place, puts up his hat on th' rack, an' says, 'Garrity, if annybody calls, ye can tell him to put it in an envelope an' leave it in me box. An' if ye've got a good man handy I wisht ye'd sind him over an' have him punch th' bishop's head. His grace is gettin' too gay.'

"An' there ye ar-re, Hinnissy. Th' crusade is over an' vice is rampant again. I'm afraid, me la-ad, that th' frinds iv vice is too shtrong in this wurruld iv sin f'r th' frinds iv varchue. Th' good man, th' crusader, on'y wurruks at th' crusade wanst in five years, an' on'y whin he has time to spare fr'm his other joofies. 'Tis a pastime f'r him. But th' defince iv vice is a business with th' other la-ad, an' he nails away at it, week days an' Sundays, holy days an' fish days, mornin', noon, an' night." F. P. Dunne.

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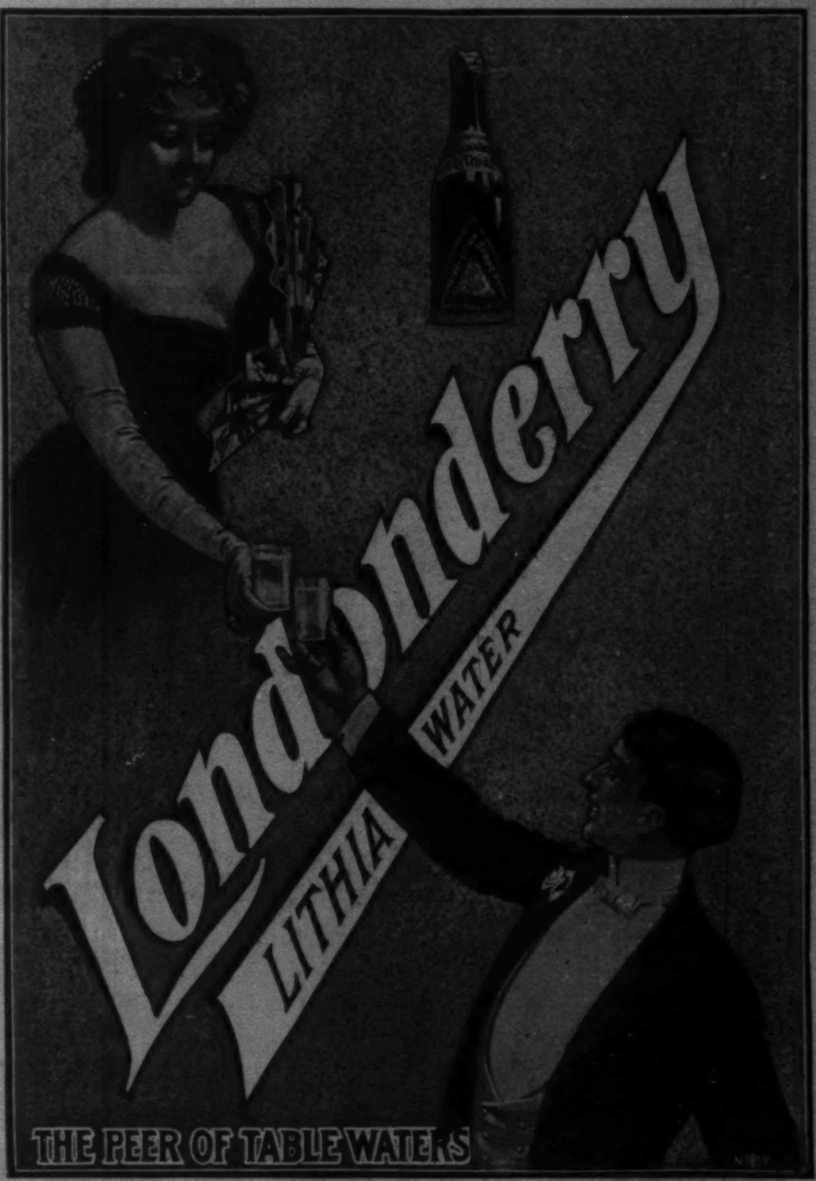

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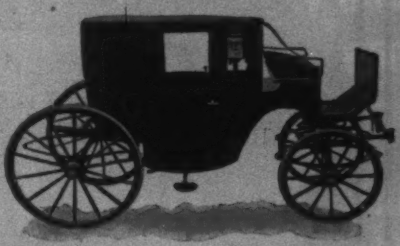

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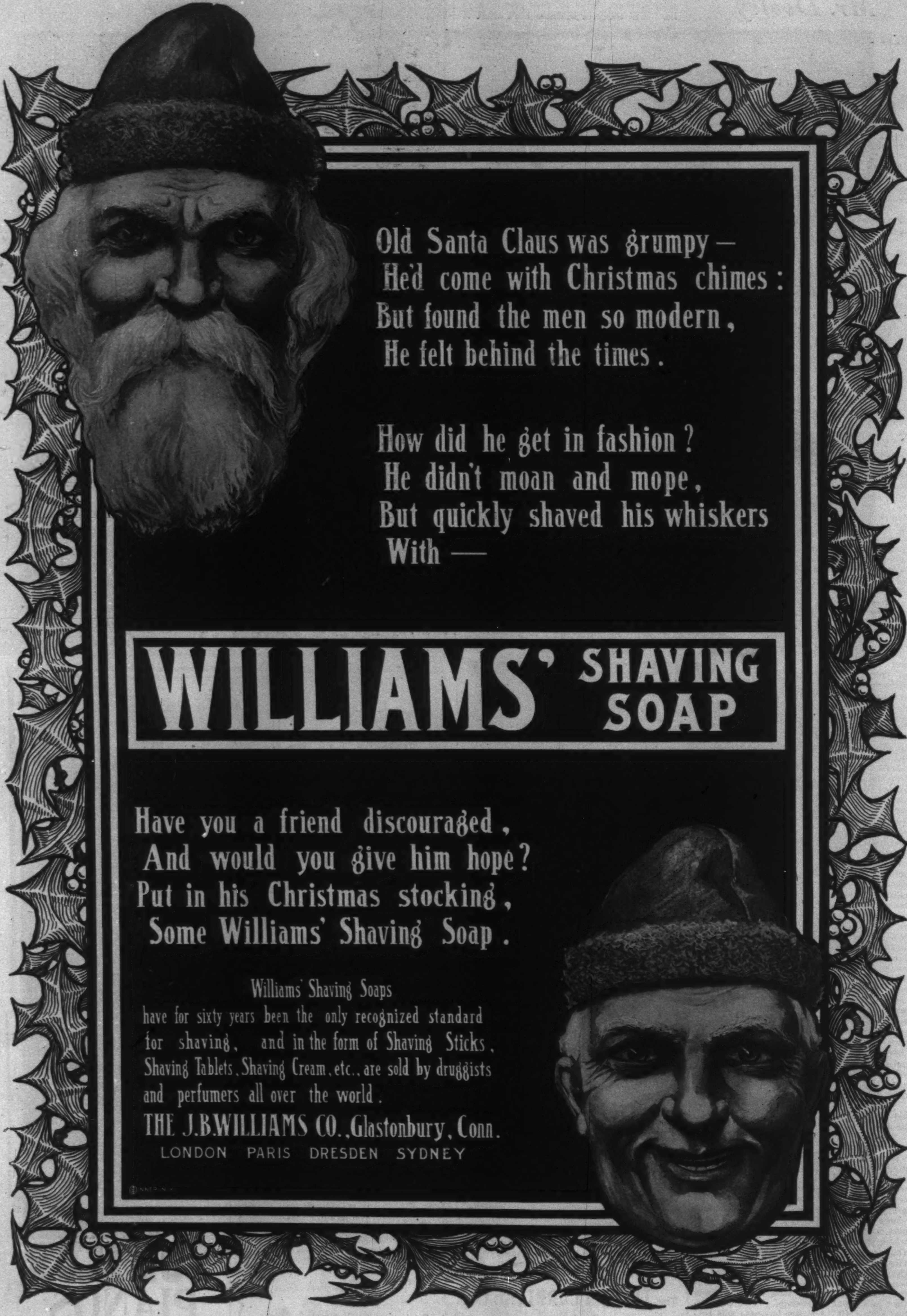
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TRANSATLANTIC TOPICS

BY A. MAURICE LOW

WHEN the Anglo-German agreement regarding China was first made public a few weeks ago there was rejoicing in London, and it was looked upon as another of those great *coups* for which Lord Salisbury is famous. It was the proof that England had lost none of her prestige because she had not taken the foremost part in revenging the wrongs of Christendom. Now that there has been time for more sober reflection, thinking Englishmen are asking if the German Emperor, as usual, has not got the best of the bargain, and if Lord Salisbury, also as usual, has not surrendered something for nothing.

EXACTLY what England gains by the bargain is not apparent. If the convention means an alliance, offensive and defensive, between the most formidable military power and the most formidable naval power, one can understand it, but both England and Germany have solemnly announced to all the world that the agreement conceals no *arrière-pensée*, that hidden in the enigmatical third article is no secret treaty which, in certain contingencies, might move the armies of Germany and the fleets of England. If this were the meaning of it France no less than Russia might well feel uneasy; if the declarations of the British Prime Minister and the German Chancellor are to be accepted as honest, France and Russia need not be concerned. Evidently they are not. When the first surprise was over, both governments promptly gave their approval to the doctrine of altruism as delivered in the gospel of Downing Street and proceeded to strengthen their hands in China.

GERMANY has everything to gain by even a *quasi* partnership with England in China, but England can profit nothing by the alliance. The bulk of the trade of China is done by English merchants, with the United States her nearest competitor, although a long way behind, and Germany a bad third. It is a larger share of this trade that Germany is after. She has coveted it for many years. China is the modern Golconda. It is the land of mystery and riches on which all the nations of the West have their eyes turned, just as the Indies in the seventeenth century was the commercial prize for which the world contended. The future of Germany lies in her ability to flood the world with the products of her factories and her foundries, to meet England and the United States on their own fields and destroy their competition. Russia may be the workshop of the world in the years yet to come; to-day the struggle for commercial supremacy lies between the three great branches of the Teutonic family.

Germany must have colonies. Germany must be more than a passive spectator in the exploitation of China. Germany's first move in gaining a foothold in the East was when she employed the familiar chemico-diplomatic process of converting missionaries into territory. It is a formula known in every European laboratory. Into the retort of barbarism throw some injudicious but well-meaning men, and tell them that their government will stand behind them. Put into the retort an element known as religious zeal, and an explosion usually follows; and when the fumes have cleared away and the *débris* is gathered up, it is found that by a peculiar chemical process, the exact reason for which scientists are unable to determine, the residium is a slice of the barbarian's territory.

THIS is what Germany did in Kiao-chau. The wrongs of her missionaries had to be revenged, and they could only be adequately atoned for by a large cession—or technically lease—of territory. If Germany had not arrived late as a self-invited guest at the Chinese table she would not have been satisfied with the leavings of the other guests. The titbits had already disappeared. England and Russia and France had lived for years at China's expense, and had reached out and grabbed a delicacy whenever they saw it. Germany took what she could get and was content for the time being.

The German "leasehold" is vast in area; what it is worth commercially is a disputed question. The English have always minimized its importance, which is not surprising; but many of the best German authorities assert that it can never pay the cost of its maintenance. The inhabitants of the province of Shantung, they claim, are the poorest of all China—so poverty-stricken that it is hopeless to expect they will ever be of any value as a commercial asset. But China is a land of mysteries and a land of potential possibilities. It is a land with an undiscovered future. Shantung may be a barren waste, but in the bowels of the *Hinterland* may be gold and silver and other precious metals, coal and iron, everything that man fights and schemes and labors for. From time to time one hears hints of these incalculable riches. It is not improbable the German knows what he is about.

But all that is in the future. The present Germany has to content herself with what every other nation has contemptuously ignored. The plum of China is the rich and fertile Yang-tse Valley—rich in everything that nature has lavishly bestowed; densely populous; its people hard-working and with money to buy foreign goods; with goods to sell, so that a double profit can be made by the shrewd trader. On the map Manchuria looms up large, and Manchuria is Russian, but it is to the Yang-tse the nations turn when they think of China torn asunder, and the Yang-tse is the recognized British "sphere of influence."

If British diplomacy can be said to have any fixed principle it is that of English supremacy in the Yang-tse. Early in 1898 Lord Salisbury told the House of Lords that "not only have we not surrendered one iota of our treaty rights, but we have no intention of surrendering them. I will say that there is no effort which this country will not make rather than allow those rights to be destroyed." Shortly afterwards the Foreign Office made this important official announcement: "In view of the great importance attached by Great Britain to the retention of the Yang-tse region in Chinese possession, the Chinese government has formally intimated to the British government that there can be no question of territory in the valley or region of the Yang-tse being mortgaged, leased, or ceded to any power." Lord Curzon, then the Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, told the House of Commons that should Russia pour troops into the Yang-tse Basin without the consent of China, it would be an act of war, and if British rights were attacked they would be defended.

THESE bold words notwithstanding, there are subtle indications that Lord Salisbury may be preparing to make another of his extraordinary surrenders. Shortly after the text of the Anglo-German agreement was made public, a Berlin paper, usually regarded as speaking by authority on foreign affairs, suggested that one of the objects of the agreement between the two governments might be "to protect the interests of the Yang-tse." Germany, it must be understood, has no interests there at the present time except commercially and as are shared in by all the other nations. If Germany is to assist in giving "protection," it must be because England is too weak to maintain her *rôle* or because Germany has demanded the right to be admitted to partnership, either as the price of services rendered in the past or to be rendered in the future. When Germany remained neutral during the Boer war—after having, it is credibly believed, endeavored to form a European concert and failed—it was asked in England by the men who understood the Emperor's diplomacy what was the price of his neutrality; that his benevolence had been heavily purchased every one believed. Is the Anglo-German agreement, with the Yang-tse Valley as the ultimate object, the answer?

William II. is perhaps the most astute diplomatist in Europe at the present time. The world has been only too ready to regard him as an undisciplined, erratic, vainglorious man, old enough to have left the follies of youth behind him, and still too youthful to have the experience of age. He has been as much feared as he has been sneered at, and all because the world, having formed its opinion, has been too lazy or too stupid to change it. As a matter of fact the Emperor is neither fool nor firebrand. He has been wise enough to gain his object without war. England, France, and Russia have in turn feared him, and dreaded that through him the long-anticipated modern Armageddon would be brought about. He has known this, he has turned it to his advantage, and he has made diplomacy a far more powerful weapon than the sword. His policy has been peace, but always in his most peaceful utterances there has been the delicate intimation that if it was necessary to fight he was quite willing to join in the fray. It has been talk for effect. He has studiously avoided a quarrel. He has gone out of his way to be conciliatory. He has extended the olive-branch to France; he has flattered French *amour propre* as delicately and as insincerely as a born Frenchman; he has been the friend and enemy of England; he has played Russia's game and made Russia play his game; even the Sultan has not escaped his unselfish solicitude. All this has been with one end in view—to advance Germany's interests; to make the world understand that Germany's weight thrown into the scale will tip the balance. The Emperor does not want war if war can be avoided. War is too costly; to the victor as expensive as to the vanquished. Germany wants peace, so that she may develop her great manufacturing industries and build up her navy. When Germany is as powerful on sea as on land, the mapmakers may perhaps have work to do.

THE Hon. and Right Hon. William St. John Brodrick—he is a son of a peer as well as being one of her Majesty's Privy Councillors—the new Secretary of State for War, will probably be Prime Minister of England if he lives long enough. He is a man of character and ability, and if he cannot clean out that Augean stable of corruption and inefficiency the War Office, and reform the army, the task is an impossible one and beyond the power of a modern Hercules. He is not a brilliant or showy man, which perhaps is in his favor, as the British public has a fear of geniuses, but he combines with a quality of common-sense a forcible style of oratory which leaves its mark. At Oxford he was president of the Union, which is always regarded as the beginning of a Parliamentary career. A few years ago he and two other men of his own age tried to overthrow the British Constitution. They were the sons of peers, they were in the House of Commons, and they foresaw the time when promising Parliamentary careers would have to be cut short by translation to the Upper Chamber. They talked seriously of renouncing their rights and refusing to accept coronets, but their laudable attempt to remain tribunes of the people failed. When a peer is called to the Upper House, by succession or creation, even if he does not obey the summons and take his seat, he ceases to be a commoner and is debarred from the Lower House. Unlike a sovereign, a peer cannot abdicate or divest himself of his title. But the reformers have not suffered because of their birth. Brodrick, a little over forty, is Secretary of State for War; Curzon, the second reformer, is Viceroy of India, and, as the holder of an Irish title, can, so long as his father lives, sit in the Commons; and the Earl of Selborne, the third reformer, is First Lord of Admiralty, which is about as high as he could have climbed even if he had remained in the Commons. Selborne's appointment, by-the-way, is another scandalous job. He was Mr. Chamberlain's private secretary, but having shown a wise selection in the choice of his connections (he married into the Salisbury family), he is put at the head of the most important of all the British departments. He may make a great naval administrator, but up to the present time his talents have not yet been discovered.

RUMORS of a secret treaty between Russia and China, by which China irrevocably cedes Manchuria to Russia, continually find their way into the Continental press, and probably are entirely without foundation. There appears to be no good reason why Russia should consider it necessary to make a treaty with China. Manchuria, so far as Russia is concerned, is Russian, and yet without the responsibilities which would follow its formal annexation. Russia is in Manchuria to stay—precisely as England is in Egypt; and Russia can no more be turned out of Manchuria than England can out of Egypt, except by force—and all the world recognizes it, although it may be convenient to ignore the inconvenient. Russia so frankly proclaims the fact that in certain correspondence with the State Department in Washington she differentiates between China and Manchuria, showing that while all the other powers affect to regard Manchuria as a part of China, she looks upon China as one thing and Manchuria something entirely different.

The *idée fixe* in Russian diplomacy for years has been to gain access to the sea. Prevented by the Congress of Paris and Berlin from coming down to her natural outlets, the Black Sea and the Dardanelles—and diplomacy never did a more foolish thing than when it attempted to bottle up a nation so patiently persistent as Russia—she has sought the outlet in another direction. The Trans-Siberian Railway is to Russia everything—it is not only a strategic road, but it is also the route over which Russia's commerce must flow. Manchuria must be Russian, unless Russia is to take the risk of being cut off from the sea.

The irresistible march of Russia cannot be stayed. While all the rest of the world has philandered with the Chinese and asked for favors, Russia has taken them as her due. While the rest of the world has sent second-rate men to China, who have totally misunderstood the character of the people with whom they were dealing, Russia has been represented by men of the highest ability, who, Orientals themselves, are in touch with the Chinese and know their idiosyncrasies. "Bon mots have become obsolete," says a Russian writer, "and the rapierlike wit and methods of a Talleyrand have, like crinolines, gone out of fashion. Our methods to-day are more ponderous, more calculating, more cold-blooded. A political question will open now with certain political formulæ which make diplomacy resemble chess: if our opponent moves his Kt. to K. B. 4, we reply Kt. to Q. B. 4, and so restore the equilibrium—or try to do so." And in the next sentence this frank Russian significantly adds, "Europe has just entered on a war of diplomacy with the East."

China will either become Russianized or it will be partitioned among the powers—there is no middle course. And that is realized in London fully as much as in St. Petersburg. A few years ago hardly any Englishman of standing would have been bold enough to suggest an understanding with Russia as to China; now Englishmen go further—they advocate a treaty which shall, for the time at least, settle all differences between the two governments. The English serious reviews give space to writers who urge a treaty arrangement with Russia, the daily press has nibbled at it, and public men have broached it tentatively. Nor is this surprising when one remembers that a person no less distinguished than the Premier pioneered the way. Lord Salisbury, in one of his amazing bursts of confidence, startled the world no less than his own country when he announced that perhaps, after all, England had make a mistake, to use his own words, "in backing the wrong horse in the Crimea." After fifty years of reflection Lord Salisbury thinks it was France, and not Russia, England ought to have fought, and when Lord Salisbury gives expression to this thought it is not to be wondered at that he should influence public opinion. But there must be not only a complete change of political feeling, but an absolute reversal of conviction, for England to become the ally of Russia in China, or elsewhere.

"The Matter became of wide Interest to the rest of the Passengers."

THE VICOMTE'S CAMPAIGN. *By Rhodes Macknight*

I

WHEN the young man stepped aboard *La Gascogne*, at Havre, he found himself among the very people he had been told to cultivate—Americans, and Americans of the class which insists upon the class. From the very start, then, the chances were with him.

Mrs. Conynghame, who had been spending the summer abroad with her two daughters, and was now returning prepared to startle her friends with new ideas, new gowns, and a new accent, was particularly gracious to him, even upon the first day out. It is possible that, having failed in certain ambitions she had entertained when setting out in April, she had taken the young man as a windfall at this the eleventh hour. Certain it is she meant to keep him, now that he had fallen.

Achille, Vicomte de Nardeuil, was in no wise averse to Mrs. Conynghame's appropriation. She was a charming woman, and her daughters were as charming. Even otherwise, he would have found it hard to resist, because he was a stolid blond young Norman who let people bore him terribly simply because of his good-nature. He had never been to America; he had once been to Paris—which was on the way, he had been told. His present trip was the direct result of an interview with his father, in which that stanch old Legitimist had sorrowfully explained the vicissitudes of a noble family under republicanism—not that he disliked republicanism, however, he hastened to add. There were hints, broad enough for suggestions in a more sensitive society, relative to a course which, if pursued, would be looked upon indulgently by a patrician father broken in heart and in purse.

"But, Achille," he had said, "you are such a dear old booby that I fear you do not understand me. I will have to summon a surgeon to get my ideas into your head, my friend. Eh?"

Achille had looked at him affectionately, trying hard to comprehend the project in all its twisting threads; but he could not have comprehended clearly, because there never was a big boy so entirely unsophisticated.

The father had sighed, and, as a last resort, had written out in a little note-book all the things he wished to impress upon his son—what he should remember, what he should forget, what people he should become acquainted with, those whom he should shun. It was a complete guide to conduct. Had it been possible—that is, had the expense not been prohibitive—he would much rather have sent with the young man a head older and more worldly; as it was, he could merely trust to fortune and to the good offices of a friend in New York, to whom he had given Achille a letter of presentation. And at the very last he handed him five one-thousand-franc notes.

"These, Achille," he said, "must last you a very long time. There are but few more whence they come. Be sparing of them. But at the grand moment—you understand?—at the grand moment send to me, and you will receive five thousand more. For your preparations—eh?"

If Achille understood, he understood in a very hazy way. As is the proper thing in France, he wept copiously upon taking his leave, and promised to do his best. In the railway carriage, on the way to the ship, he examined the little note-book carefully, and thenceforth it was the companion of his leisure hours.

Within the bounds of possibility, it was in conformity with one of its injunctions that, shortly after his making acquaintance with Mrs. Conynghame, he prosecuted inquiries in the smoking-room relative to that lady's standing when at home. And it was after finding that standing to be of unquestionable stability that he had docilely abandoned himself to her manœuvres. There were others aboard, too, who were not unmindful of the Vicomte's claims to recognition; and upon these people he kept an appreciative eye. He was—with the note-book—by no means the young man to commit the unpardonable blunder of risking all his eggs in one basket. But to Mrs. Conynghame, owing her, as he did, the allegiance due a first friend, he continued to be especially attentive.

The weather during the voyage was propitious; and for this Mrs. Conynghame devoutly thanked her stars—for it would have been trying indeed had the painstaking overtures of the first day been nullified by subsequent inability to laugh and chat and ogle, and to perform whole-heartedly other of her accomplishments by reason of the variability of the ship's position, and its attendant consequences. But everything was, as she said time and again, as delightful as though made specially to order. And for that subsidiary reason, within three days the Conynghames were as well acquainted with Nardeuil as if the days had been years.

Nardeuil could speak a little English, and Mrs. Conynghame a little French, but the small graceful formalities which counted for so much in the opening of the acquaintance were largely interpreted by eye and by gesture. The elder daughter, Miss Maie, was an amazingly voluble and understandable adept in the languages, and it was with her that the young man found himself to get on more surely if not faster—for faster was wellnigh impossible. And so it came to pass—premeditatedly or accidentally; a consensus of the ladies' drawing-room seemed to point to the fact that there was wide play for the imagination concerning that—that the young people were thrown together almost constantly. And when it became apparent to the most opaque of the blue goggles that Achille was in love with the girl, there could hardly have been many so disgruntled as to blame him. She was more than pretty, and she had a taking way of her own. He overlooked, or was unconscious of, the mental obliquity of which the spelling of her given name was earnest, but he was fully alive to her superficial charm; and all in all, it could not be gainsaid that he was very much in love. It is perhaps a matter of no particular moment, yet one distinctive of the predominant innocent phase of his character, that he quite forgot about the note-book while he was so busily falling in love. He thought of it betimes, however, and with compunction conned its pages afresh. Dutifully he made further inquiries in the smoking-room.

From now on—this was about the fifth day out—the matter, while a foregone conclusion to any one who had half an eye and used it, became of wide interest to the rest of the passengers whose business it was not. The question of the ship's daily run became of secondary interest to these very respectable but very inquisitive people, and when they saw the lovers on deck together in some quiet place, of an evening, there would be an almost frantic endeavor to read something in their faces the next morning at breakfast. But it was not until the last day that they were gratified; and then they discovered the truth not in the countenance of Miss Maie, nor yet in that of the Vicomte, but in the mother's. And she beamed very handsomely.

II

HARD upon his arrival at the little hotel in University Place to which he had been recommended, Nardeuil procured a cab and proceeded to hunt up his compatriot, the friend of his father, whose address was upon the letter he bore. This gentleman was a voluntary exile in search of a fortune (he having been hard hit in the overthrow of the Empire), and in the new land he had prospered. He read the letter attentively (it apparently told him much), and promptly he was most cordial in his welcome, most earnest in his desire to carry out the part that had been intrusted to him. He asked frankly a few questions as to the progress of affairs.

Achille, a little perplexed and flushing prodigiously, answered as frankly.

The little Frenchman was beside himself in his enthusiasm; he jumped from the chair he sat in, and kissed the youth upon both rosy cheeks, after the manner of their race.

"So!" he cried, his eyes sparkling. "O worthy son of worthy father! what can I teach you? You tell me that you have already—within a week—encompassed the affair? Oh, my child, it is incredible!" Then he stood gazing upon him with admiration.

Achille seemed even more perplexed; he was a trifle abashed. He entered upon some halting explanations, which were really excuses. But the good gentleman interrupted him after a moment or so.

"Pouf!" he cried, with a wave of the hand. Then

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he sat again and went on, seemingly somewhat more than half in reflection. "But we are not in our own dear country, let us remember. The ideas—oh, they are not the American ideas! They buy coronets, yes, and usually pay handsomely; but we must recollect that the value depends purely upon how much they want them. This charming young lady of whom you speak—has she a papa? Ah, that is bad! We must be very cautious. Study well the papa. You will find it hard to conceive how these Americans are. The papas usually have little to say—it is the women who rule; yet it may be in that certain case that the papa

"'Pouf!' he cried, with a wave of the Hand."

is an old bear. We must study him, my friend. If he be not much impressed by the nobility—some of them are not—we must not stipulate for a dot; we must trust to his generosity up to the last moment. Up to the last moment—so? It is well, we must remember, too, not to put to sea without a compass. We must investigate, must assure ourselves. It is a most admirable idea that we keep other projects in reserve. Yet we must not for a moment cease our ardor in pursuing the main chance. The American girl is not to be trifled with—so? and we will do well to follow up our advantage with assiduity. My advice, my child, is to keep a firm hold upon what we now have, while keeping a sharp eye for something else. Ordinarily in America we have only to please the women. But this case may be an exception—of which there are many. I will institute inquiries."

The Vicomte had listened in a sort of awe; he could not grasp the scheme into which he seemed to be precipitated. When, presently, his father's friend rose and embraced him again, saying confidently that all would be well, he got his hat and stick and managed to make a good-by. But in the cab he still appeared to be mystified. He had studied his little notebook very thoroughly, yet it did not seem to clear matters. He hurried back to his hotel to get another look at it.

Meanwhile Mr. Selah Conynghame, titular head of the house with which the young man purposed alliance, had been apprised of his existence, and of the brilliant engagement in which he had surrendered his heart and emblazonry.

Mr. Conynghame, during this recital—which took place disjointedly in the carriage which bore the triumphant voyagers from the pier to the family residence in Madison Avenue—wore an expression of face which might have been interpreted to mean many things, but which truthfully meant but one—disgust. Astonishment, incredulity, rage, and reproof lay therein successively, but they were merely premonitory. Selah was disgusted. And he could find no words adequately to express his feelings.

"This—er—sprig of nobility—does he carry an affidavit with his title?" he asked, fiercely.

The weakly sarcasm, however, merely drew from his wife a look of contempt; and she immediately proceeded upon her bounding conversational course as if he had not spoken.

For the remainder of that day Selah, willing or unwilling, was closeted in his library with Mrs. Conynghame. Fired with the enthusiasm of the hour, she demanded that all the arrangements be made at once. Convinced that he might as well have it out now as at any other time, he opposed her at the start; he stormed and argued and fumed, and he fumed and argued and stormed; and he did all three without creating the slightest impression, without moving the determined lady one jot from her purpose.

So the skirmish ended by Selah's humbly surrendering his check-book, and agreeing to do whatever was wished of him.

The wishes, apparently, were numerous. In the first place, he had to submit to receiving Achille with a formal demand for Maie's hand. This interview was particularly trying, for more reasons than one: because it was necessarily conducted with the aid of an interpreter (in the person of the young man's elderly, wary, and excessively polite compatriot), because Mr. Conynghame preferred to say "No" and knew he could not, and because he had an insane desire to get his fingers into the Vicomte's curly locks, which was equally out of the question.

Then the betrothal was formally announced, and Selah had to dodge the warm, but significant, congratulations of his friends on the Street. He thought everybody was laughing at him, because he hotly felt that he deserved to be laughed at, and himself could do nothing but scowl. Society, too, which had been in a flutter of excitement because of certain little hints let drop by Mrs. Conynghame to her inner circle of friends, now got off the customary nice things and the inevitable disagreeable things its lips had been in a pucker to say. The young lovers were dined and fêted and envied impartially, and truly affairs began to look exceedingly rosy for the Vicomte de Nardeuil. His letters home to his father were boyishly confiding and enthusiastic, and the old aristocrat was so gratified at his son's cleverness that he instantly promised him as a wedding-present his best blessings. But when he received a letter from the compatriot whom he had intrusted with the conduct of the whole affair—a letter corroborating, even augmenting, the favorable reports of the brilliancy of the match—he could contain himself no longer, and rushed off forthwith to his bankers, bidding them transmit at once the additional five thousand francs promised for the wedding preparations.

III

NOW if the wary guardian was shrewd, Mr. Conynghame was not his diametric opposite, by any means. Selah had been jobbing in Wall Street for thirty years or so, and had never had a breath of suspicion directed against him; a fact which would go to show incontestably, some people would say, the quintessence of shrewdness. When he saw, and was convinced that he saw, his wife blindly and irrevocably bent upon becoming the mother-in-law of a vicomte, he cudgelled his brains for an expedient that would relieve him of the necessity of putting down his foot peremptorily at the last moment, forbidding the marriage, and thereby incurring never-ending reproach. For that was what he had a hazy idea of doing; and as time went by he could see no clear way out of it. While the wary guardian was worrying about the dowry, Selah was thus pondering.

As constant activity of the thinking faculties clears away the cobwebs from them, he came by time to discern a scheme which would terminate all difficulties.

That evening as he rode up town in the Elevated, big with the idea and its promise, he could not but chuckle; although he was not prone to laugh at other people's jokes, this he laughed at very hard indeed, because it seemed to him a mighty good one

Straightway he secured a hansom and directed that he be set down at the little hotel in University Place where the Vicomte was housed. The young Frenchman was in; and he came out into the passageway from his sitting-room the more effectively and effusively to greet the visitor—whose coming Mr. Conynghame himself, and indeed any one, could see held for him elements of the unexpected. The youth had been following the intricacies of the English language during the past few weeks, and he was able to make a tolerably good attempt at welcome. Did Mr. Conynghame, for instance, conserve his healthy? That was good, ver' good. Would he perform the happiness to come inside?

Selah no longer smiled; indeed, his face was a lugubrious one when he suffered himself to be bowed into the sitting-room; and he dropped to the proffered chair as a man dejected. He had not counted upon its being as hard for him as it now promised to be; and when Achille turned to get a chair for himself he followed the big, lusty adolescent with eyes of contrition. This young scion of nobility would make a mighty fine figure of a son-in-law, after all!

It was a half-hour before Selah regained some of the determination with which he had set out. Bolstering himself with the conviction that it must be said and that it was all for the best, courage came to him by degrees. There was much preamble of an awkward and hesitant kind, but finally he was fairly launched.

He began by making inconsequential remarks upon the instability of the stock-market and the precarious nature of a man's fortune who had anything to do with stocks. He detailed instances of great fortunes that had been wiped out utterly by a single change of quotations between morning and night. He dwelt upon these things in the abstract. But the young man could not, or would not, see; he was plainly mystified, sometimes perplexed, while he listened with the closest and most courteous attention.

From the abstract he had drifted imperceptibly to the concrete. Suddenly he said (and his eyes were keen):

"My dear fellow, perhaps you think it strange—my calling upon you to-night—think I had an object. Well, I dislike to mention it, but—say, I want to borrow some money—a few thousands. Do you know of—I thought perhaps you might— Oh, well, say, never mind."

Mr. Conynghame had been prepared to say more, but at last the young man understood, for he got red, and stared blankly. Selah saw that he had struck home, and he was not a man to jeopard the impression by reiteration. He rose to go. The young man still sat in a stupor of dismay.

"Pardon me for mentioning such a matter," mumbled Selah. "And don't come to the door. Good-night."

He walked out and shut the door behind him. He seemed to be an inch or so shorter than when he came in, and his face was grave.

IV

IT was the next morning at breakfast that a maid brought to table a note just received by messenger.

"It's for Miss Maie," said the girl, by way of defending herself from the voracious gaze of Selah.

"Who's it from, dearie?" asked Mrs. Conynghame, carelessly, from behind one of her own letters arrived by the morning post.

"From the—from Achille," murmured the girl.

Mr. Conynghame coughed. "Oh, ha-hem! From the Vicomte, eh?" he remarked. Then, his curiosity beating out his discretion, he added: "H'm! I should think you'd want to open it."

But evidently she did not, for she waited until breakfast was over, and then slipped out with the note in her hand.

Selah did not like to be delayed from getting down town to his business, yet there was no other way out of it; to curb his impatience was the price of his secret. Thinking overnight of the occurrence of the evening, he had come to the conclusion that he did not occupy quite so high a pedestal in his own esteem as might be wished. He had precipitated affairs, and now he was to have his reward; yet the prospect did not seem to him rosy. He fretted away a moment or so over a cigar in the library, and was restlessly coming out into the hallway again when he heard a shriek from upstairs. It was Maie's voice. Forgetting the triumph the shriek signalled in the appeal to his paternal heart, he rushed for the stairway. He had not half ascended when he heard another scream. And that was from his wife.

He burst into the morning-room just as that lady was sinking overcome to a chair, an open letter in her hand. Maie was prone upon a sofa.

"What's—what is it?" he inquired, with guilty innocence.

"Oh, oh!" wailed Mrs. Conynghame. Then, at the sound of his voice, she held out the letter with one hand, the other covering her face. "Read that!" she cried; "oh, read that!"

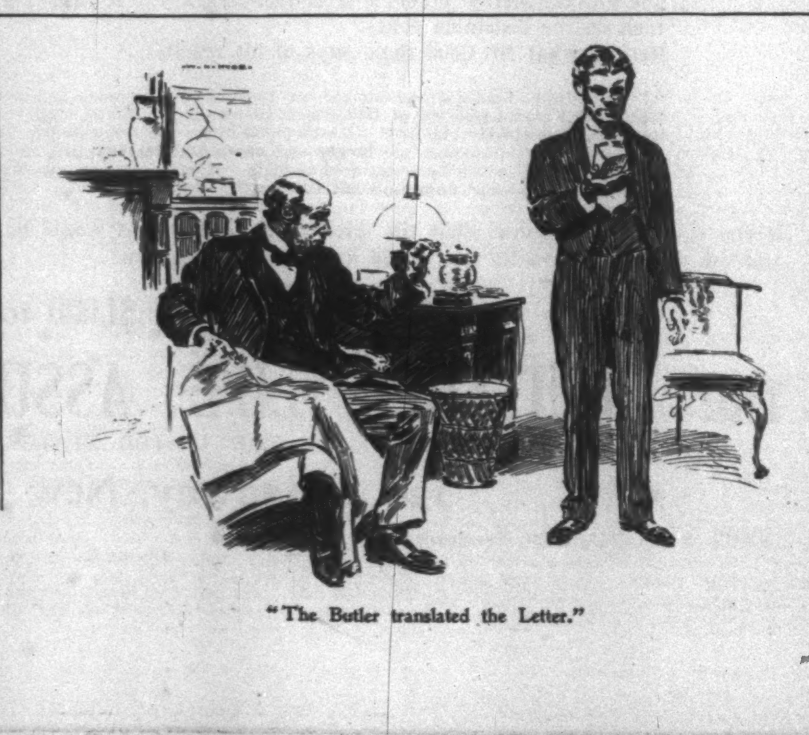
Mr. Conynghame quailed as the thought flashed over him for the first time that the Vicomte might have exposed him. He seized the sheet and ran over it with protuberant eyes.

"H'm! I'd like to, but I can't," he murmured. Then, beside himself, he paced the floor. "Here, you read it to me," he cried at last.

"*I!* Take it out of my sight! Oh, oh!"

Selah puzzled again over the superfine writing. But it was useless. Rushing with undignified haste into his dressing-room, he called his man.

"Antone!" he cried, "come here and read this to



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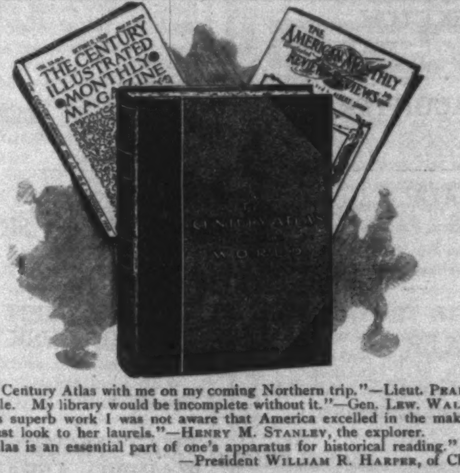

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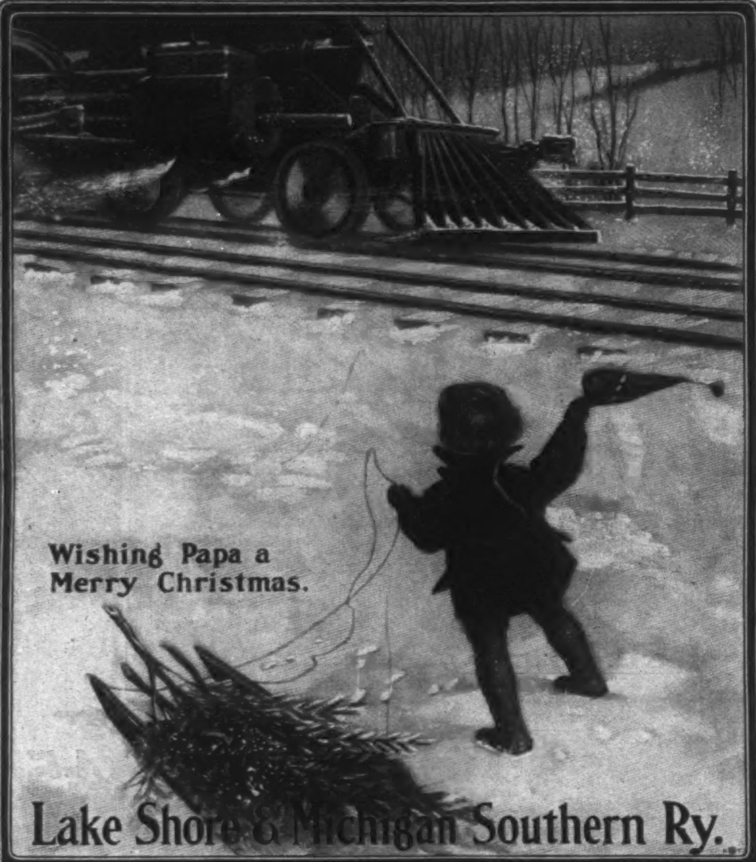

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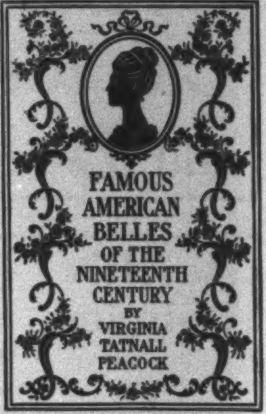

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me! And say, Antone, if you ever let out a word of it, I'll— But I guess I can trust you. Now read it to me."

The man translated. There was not much of it—that is, not much so far as mere superficies was concerned; but it was pregnant. The Vicomte was desolated to think that perhaps Mlle. Conynghame had made a mistake in choosing him for a husband. He had in no wise misrepresented his position—he was a man of family and of position. He had, of course, had no excuse for telling her of his poverty, and her esteemed father had never seen fit to make inquiries. But he had no property, no income, and he was unwilling to drag her down with him; he was, perhaps, wholly unworthy of her, and could not find it in his heart to permit her to sacrifice herself. Therefore, with feelings the most tormenting, with hopelessness the most devastating, he was constrained to offer her her freedom. He would return to France the abject object of despair. And he hoped in the far-off days of the future she would sometimes think of him as a man who would have given life itself to be more worthy of her regard.

In listening to these sentiments Mr. Conynghame was torn with conflicting emotions. While feeling deeply for his wife and daughter, he told himself that a man who could write a letter like that deserved no consideration—a fortune-hunter, pure and simple. They were well rid of him. And his own part in the affair, of which he had grown to be ashamed a half-hour since, he now reviewed for his admiration.

V

When the wary guardian entered his compatriot's apartments half an hour after Mr. Conynghame's departure, he had found the young man dolorous and collapsed. Having drawn out the story, the good gentleman was panic-stricken, and began pacing the floor with nervous strides. He had asked further questions fiercely, quickly; and after innumerable gestures and ejaculations he had said:

"But the young lady! You have released her? You must release her at once!"

"Release her?" Achille had inquired, looking up with startled eyes.

"At once, I say! Oh, what an abominable trick! Ha! these Americans!"

"But I love her!" the young man had interposed with a gasp.

"Love? Ah, my child! Are you *bourgeois?* Love—ha! Come, sit down. I will tell you what to write."

"But I love her! I love her! Madly! passionately! eternally!"

"Sit down, my child."

There had been the war of words, the affrighting gestures, the big-sounding but meaningless oaths, the wild exclamations, the tearful ending, of the national form of dispute; then Achille had written just what he was told to write. The parting was affectionate.

But the young man was not satisfied; he had followed the only honorable course—he perceived that as clearly as it was possible for him to perceive anything in his constitutional obfuscation—but he was not satisfied. He got a cab at noon of the next day and went to Mr. Conynghame's office.

Selah had just arrived; the detention with his family in their woe had been prolonged. And when the young man was announced he was not in a particularly good humor. He debated with himself whether he should receive him. His inclination was for a snub, because he thought it deserved; yet he was a little curious to know what the Vicomte's mission might be. He said at last that he was visible.

The Vicomte was already embarrassed, and this cool and discourteous reception did not tend to give him ease. He opened with some ordinary remarks, to which Mr. Conynghame responded briefly and unsympathetically. It was very hard to get to the subject; but at last he managed to say,

"I haf come, zare, to haf renew ze convairse of las' night."

Mr. Conynghame, with austere lip and cold eye, remarked that he did not see any necessity for renewing it; it had, it seemed to him, been concluded with a certain completeness that left no more to be said. With the resentment that permeated him, he was admirably self-controlled.

The Vicomte flushed a little and contemplated the toes of his polished boots before going on.

"I haf send vun lettaire," he continued, presently—"I haf send vun lettaire to—"

"Yes, I am aware of that," interrupted Selah, with an imitation of haughtiness. "You need not refer to it."

Now the young man was burning with crimson. "I mak' myself express ver' bad," he murmured. "Not so? Pardon. I tell to you in ozzer way. I lofe your daughter wiz mos' passion' attashmen'. Bote I gif hare free—"

"Oh, you love my daughter still, do you?"

"Zare, I sacrifeese anysing for hare."

Mr. Conynghame's voice was still mocking. "Oh, you would sacrifice anything for her, eh?"

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Mr. Alois P. Swobodo, Chicago, Ill.

My Dear Mr. Swoboda:—As I have had numerous requests by mail from different sections of the country to give my ideas of your system of physiological exercise, I will write you this letter which if you see fit, you can have published, and which will prove I hope, an answer to all these inquiries as I am a pretty busy man.

On February 15, 1898, after years of gradual but certain decline, physically and mentally, I had a complete nervous prostration or collapse. It was impossible for me to sleep without medicine and I went without natural sleep for the period of about ten months. I tried the best physicians to be had, traveled almost constantly, being unable to remain long in one place, took hunting trips in Colorado and a seacoast trip to Northern Maine with no appreciable result. I had been constipated for sixteen or seventeen years and had to take physic constantly, never having a natural action.

I was advised by Mr. Seested, business manager of the Kansas City Star, to call on you with my physician, you will remember, I called and spent two hours with you and he advised me to take the treatment, as it could do me no harm and might do me a great deal of good. That was on October 24, 1898. At that time I felt sure I was going to lose my mind. I could not sleep without medicine, was completely unfitted for business or for anything else, and there was scarcely a function of my body that would work satisfactorily. Within thirty days after beginning your exercise treatment, my constipation had gone, and I have never taken a physic since; within sixty days I was attending to considerable business and within ninety days I was at my desk, and have grown stronger ever since, until to-day, I weigh more than I ever did in my life, with not a pound nor an ounce of surplus flesh.

I am in better health than I have ever been in my life. Constipation gone, nervous dyspepsia gone, the nervous prostration feeling entirely eradicated, and my ability to sleep is equal to that of any period in my life.

Trusting this letter may be instrumental in causing other sufferers to take hold of your natural, rational line of treatment and follow it to the same splendid result that the writer did, I beg to remain, Yours with sincerest gratitude.

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"I lofe hare madly. Bote eet iss not to be."

"No, it's not to be," rejoined Mr. Conynghame, decidedly. "I guess you're right there, young man."

"For hare family—for you, zare—I haf feeling ze mos' sincaire."

Selah coughed to keep in check the rising gorge. "Oh, you have, eh?" he said. "H'm! much obliged, I'm sure."

"Eet iss wiz ze mos' painful regret zat I tak' leef—"

"Hold on!" cried Selah. He rose from his chair and stood fronting the young man with face white in passion. "Just tell me, before you go any further, if you please, what all this infernal poppycock's about. Tell me what you mean, man to man and aboveboard. What are you after, in short?"

"I—I do comprehend not," he stammered.

Mr. Conynghame glared at him a moment, then took to pacing the contracted office. After a little interval he burst out: "No, I don't suppose you *do* comprehend. It isn't your style—or the style of your nation." Suddenly planting himself firmly before the young man, with legs spread tripodwise, he went on: "I don't want to say anything unpleasant to you, because I know how I'll kick myself afterward if I do. You see, I haven't had the advantages of your school. I'm a little rough on the edges, and I don't want to act in a way that 'll give you a handle to me—that 'll make me ashamed of myself. But it's hard enough to keep in, hang it! and I'd just like to let you know what I think of you in as polite a way as I can—what I think of you, and the way you and your conspirator-friend have been acting. It's disgraceful!—it's scandalous!—and you'd no more dare to do it in your own country than you'd dare to go to the girl's father afterward, as you've come to me. There's no use discussing the subject, because I can't keep my temper, and there you'll possibly have the advantage of me. All that it's necessary for me to say is this: you'd better go right home again, and practise your schemes there before coming here again—for they'll have to be a confounded sight smoother than they are now if you expect them to succeed. I'm mighty glad that we found you out before it was too late; but at the same time you needn't flatter yourself that you succeeded for one moment in pulling the wool over *my* eyes. That's all I've got to say. And I wish you good-morning."

During this speech the Vicomte sat dumfounded. Most of it he did not understand, it was uttered so fast. Presently, when Mr. Conynghame was again seated at his desk, he ventured to say, "Zat convairse of ze las' night—"

"I refuse to discuss it, sir," interjected Selah.

"Bote, zare, you haf say somesing las' night of money, an' I haf some, zare, to—"

The Vicomte cut himself off by diving into the breast pocket of his coat, whence he presently extracted a pocket-book.

"My fazer haf send me zis," said the young man, drawing out a slip of paper and unfolding it with earnest face. "Ver' little, zare, bote you haf eet wiz my bes' complimence." And he placed the slip gently upon the corner of the desk.

Mr. Conynghame eyed the draft over his glasses, then its presenter through them. The blood came slowly into his face and mottled it up into the bald space on the crown.

The Vicomte, seeing the reception his piece of paper got, flushed also, and tapped his fingers nervously upon the crown of his hat. "I do offend not?" he asked, with profound humility. Then he added, with an attempt at easiness, "You pay me pretty soon again."

Still Mr. Conynghame looked alternately from the paper to the man in helpless confusion.

The Vicomte dropped his eyes and began to smooth the nap of his hat. "I haf also come zis day," he began, slowly, "to ask you if you not permit your daughter wait little whiles. I haf told to you zat I lofe her—ah, so much! I go to get me what you calls place here—in zis city. Pretty soon again I haf more money—money all ze time. Zen I come to you, ask you for your daughter. I lofe her so much!"

Mr. Conynghame, self-repressed for twenty minutes, arose, seized the young man's hand from where it was sliding over the glossy hat, and squeezed it until it was bloodless. What he said the Vicomte did not understand, but that is perhaps not surprising, for he did not understand himself. "But you don't know much English," he added, eagerly. "And—well, what I said a little while ago wasn't English, anyhow."

Without a word of explanation he turned to his desk and rolled down the top with a bang. Then jamming on his hat, he sang out for a cab.

Seated beside the still bewildered Vicomte as they rolled up town, there was but one thing that bothered him: how was he going to make a presentable appearance before that court which was likely to be judge, jury, and executioner all in one?

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THE REICHSANSTALT—Germany's Laboratory of Applied Science, by **Ray Stannard Baker.**

THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA. From material furnished by **Sir John Murray.**

THE NEW NIAGARA, by **Rollin Lynde Hartt.** The mechanical revolution achieved by the falling waters. **Other Articles of Equal Importance.**

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SHORT FICTION

Among our writers for the coming year are:

Joel Chandler Harris	**Bret Harte**
Hamlin Garland	**Frederic Remington**
Sarah Orne Jewett	**Rose E. Young**
Josephine Dodge Daskam	**Charles Warren**
Alvah Milton Kerr	**Wm. M. Raine**
George Kibbe Turner	**Jack London**

Dramatic Episodes

By **Ida M. Tarbell,** who, as the author of the "Life of Lincoln," "Life of Napoleon," etc., has entered the front rank among American historians, will write a series of articles about well-known events in American history presented in a new dress. The **Jackson-Calhoun Imbroglio,** the **Signing of the Declaration of Independence,** and **The Webster-Hayne Debate** are among her forthcoming articles. These have been prepared after exhaustive research for new material, and are written in that graphic style which has made the author so deservedly popular.

"COLONIAL FIGHTS AND FIGHTERS"

By **Cyrus Townsend Brady**

Unpublished Chapters of American History

These will include two articles from the papers left by Stephen R. Mallory, Secretary of the Confederate Navy. They graphically tell of the **Fall of Richmond,** the **Flight of the Cabinet,** and **The Capture of Jefferson Davis.** Other articles will follow.

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HONG-KONG AND SWATOW

IT would be well if every article dealing with things Chinese could be prefaced by a note by a brilliant pen on the character of the Chinese people. It can never be sufficiently emphasized that nothing relating to the Flowery Kingdom can be judged from the stand-point of Western civilization, and nothing predicated on knowledge based on experience of the Occidental world. It is a trite saying that Chinese custom is the contrary to what we have been brought up to. But the difference lies far deeper than mere custom. It reaches to the fundamental characteristics of human nature, and the facts that in China it is the business man who is scrupulous in his dealings and the scholar who is the thief, the woman who works in the fields, and the man who stays at home to cook the rice and mind the baby, point to a greater difference than that of custom—a difference in the being itself. It is this that makes it so impossible to prophesy with certainty concerning events in China, and the difficulty and danger in writing of Chinese affairs are that this difference will not always be borne in mind by a reader who has not seen it for himself. Statements apparently wild to Western ideas may seem perfectly reasonable here, so that sometimes it may be necessary to be over-explicit rather than to fall into the fear of erring on the other side.

Besides its garrison, and the fact that it is a rocky island of but twenty-eight square miles area, standing well clear of other land, and thus easily patrolled and protected, Hong-kong is fairly well fortified. Six forts command the harbor and its approaches, in which of course the ordnance is all modern. The only possible danger to the island might be from a very strong and secret attack upon the side of the island opposite from the town, where the storming party, after forcing its way past whatever naval vessels might be on hand to oppose a landing, would have to gain the steep heights, some fourteen hundred feet high, which form the backbone of the island, or make the circuit of the lower slopes, under the gun-fire of men-of-war, and later the forts guarding the town. Needless to say, if possible at all, there is no native force in China capable of carrying the island.

A rising of the native inhabitants of the island itself is reckoned as hardly possible. Secret and sinister as Chinese secret societies are, with the close affiliations which have grown up between the foreigners and many Chinamen, a plan involving general danger could hardly be hatched without becoming hinted at and discovered. Besides quiet methods of keeping in touch with Celestial sentiment, Hong-kong boasts an excellent corps of Sikh police. The Indian is naturally antagonistic to the Chinaman, looks down upon him with an immeasurable disdain, and succeeds in inspiring a very considerable amount of awe; so all through the East he makes the best possible policeman for the natives, and one who can be depended on never to side with them. In Hong-kong any outbreak would be instantly reported and opposed by these men until the garrison might arrive to suppress it.

If any difficulty in the immediate neighborhood of Hong-kong is to be feared, it is in the territory of Kowloon, on the mainland forming the north side of the harbor. The area of some two hundred square miles embraces all the country round the island which, in the hands of another power, might have given a commanding position over the town or the entrances to the harbor. Great Britain has acquired the land only in recent years with that idea in mind, but the new territory has proved valuable for another reason than the gain in strategic strength afforded by its possession. The narrow strip of beach and the steep Gibraltar-like slopes of Hong-kong have been gradually becoming crowded by the accompaniments of the marvellous business growth of the place, until every available site has been taken that would not involve too great expense in reclaiming from the waters of the bay or cutting out of the hill-side. Land has acquired a value far in excess of what it would have had if it were not for the peculiar conditions of safety of property under British rule, as opposed to certain spoliation under the Chinese government of the territory all about. It was this consideration that made wealthy natives prefer to invest their money and do their business in Hong-kong. They were willing to pay largely for these privileges; this, with the necessity of business locations and residences for the constantly increasing number of foreign business men, resulted in exorbitant values for land.

When Kowloon and the adjacent country were acquired by Great Britain, to enjoy, equally with Hong-kong, the benefits flowing from her sway, they immediately became available as a place of overflow for docks, warehouses and coal-yards, factories and machine-shops, residences for those who might not afford the rents of Hong-kong, and sites for Chinese investment. For a time there was difficulty with the inhabitants of the district, and the menace of troubles from the pirates, murderers, and other bad characters congregating in the native city of Kowloon, which for some unexplained reason was left under the control of the Chinese authorities, but all that has been practically done away with now, good roads having been put through the whole territory and modern improvements added to the more thickly settled portion across the harbor from Victoria, as the town on the island of Hong-kong is properly called.

This newly acquired territory has less natural advantages for defence than the island, and its natives less to do with the foreigners, but its proximity to Hong-kong, its good military roads, and its Indian police, mounted and unmounted, make it safer than many other of the settlements in China which have more natural strength. Altogether different is the situation at Swatow, a hundred and eighty miles up the coast from Hong-kong. There the foreign settlement, to the inconvenience of trade and actual danger of the colony in times like these, is divided, half being on the outskirts of the native city on the level north shore, and half on the slopes of the south shore of a mile-wide estuary. In summer the colony is further split by the residence of those seeking cooler air upon an island at the mouth of the estuary five miles away from the settlement.

Swatow is a picturesque place to see from a ship entering the harbor. The neighboring coast is forbidding—bleak brown hills strewn with great bowlders. The steamer turns into the narrow channel between the mainland and an island tipped with the white buildings of a light-house, passes numerous junks making their way with the yellow tide, and comes quite suddenly into a green country. In the distance across the broad sheet of water lined with fishing-nets is the twin town of Swatow. Gradually its details develop. On the north bank along the water-front are white buildings standing in groves which partially hide the fertile country behind and mask the close brown roofs of the Chinese city. On the south bank is a wooded hill, with glimpses of winding well-kept walks, and corners of houses embedded in foliage.

With all its division, the foreign population of Swatow is ordinarily less than sixty persons *and* the missionaries. It is curious that in China missionaries seldom enter into the calculation of the population of any place. It is probably because they are not a constant quantity in any of the settlements, their work keeping them in the interior most of the time. But whatever the reason, one rarely asks a resident the foreign population of a settlement without a bifurcated reply like, "Seventy, *and* missionaries," which sounds odd to the new-comer.

Trouble in Canton would mean trouble in Chowchowfu and Swatow—in the latter not far from its inhabitants, for it is a small town and most of its citizens deal with the foreigners or are accustomed to them, but from up-country men fired by intolerance and hope of loot.

Failing sufficient foreign troops to hold the place, and none are available now, a gunboat of some nationality ought to be stationed there constantly and plans perfected by which the foreign community could be put on board by the ship's boats at the shortest notice. If it were not possible to obtain the presence of a man-of-war, the settlement itself ought to see to it that a steamer sufficiently large to go to Hong-kong, and manned by other than a Chinese crew, might be on hand, and plans made to get on board without the aid of Chinese. GEORGE P. DYER, U.S.N.

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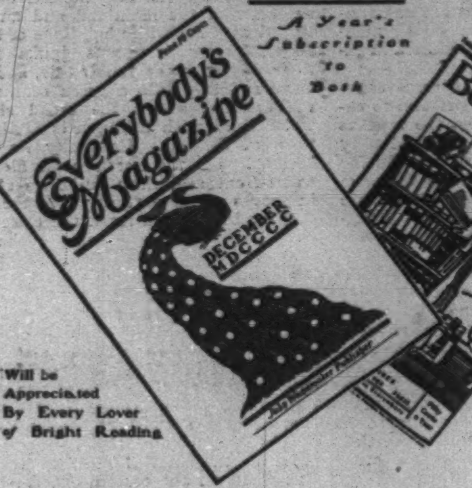

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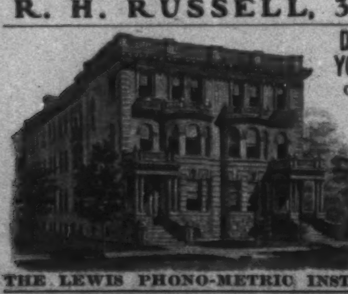

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FINANCE

BY A. K. FISKE

THE activity and strength of the New York stock-market, kept up for a month after the election, is perhaps the most interesting and significant incident in current financial affairs. It shows that the rebound from previous restraint, as soon as the result of the voting of November 6 was known, was no mere spasm of speculative buoyancy, but a genuine recovery of confidence after a long period of dubious waiting. All through the summer business enterprise hesitated, but it made plans for the future. It expected a favorable result of the election and calculated upon it, but it did not proceed with its ventures until all doubt was over. So money was easy and stocks dull, and even the speculators had a slow time. Shrewd operators in stocks who were abroad, or who had convenient agents there, bought many "calls" on the London market for American securities at a slight advance on the prices then prevailing.

Everything was ready for a "boom," and the stock-market had the readiest means of launching it without delay. Those who had sold calls and options in London were called upon to deliver up the stocks on a rapidly rising market, and others were tempted by the increasing prices to sell their holdings. On this side the buying spirit was awakened, and the public came in and gave the commission brokers a lively time with their orders on the Exchange. There have been pauses and reactions, and there have been recoveries and irregular movements, but, on the whole, the activity and strength of the market have been maintained with a material advance over the summer prices all through the list.

This is due to the fact that the recovery of the stock-market had, to sustain it, a renewed business and industrial activity, which was almost as sudden and rapid, on account of the previous holding back and preparation to move forward "as soon as McKinley was re-elected." This was especially notable in the great "basic industries" of iron and steel, in which prices have become fairly adjusted once more, and active operations have been resumed all the way from the mine to the machine-shop. The stocks of the steel companies have been among the strongest and most active, and some of them have also indulged in the greatest irregularities, but it is to be remembered that some of the most powerful concerns, like the Carnegie Company, do not figure in the stock-market at all, while some other corporations have been organized with an inflated capital and have shown speculative proclivities since they were born.

One evidence of the substantial character of the stock operations has been the prominence of shares in the leading railroad companies, which are nowadays bought chiefly for investment or in the process of shifting control. General business activity means prosperity for the railroads, and confidence in their securities increases with stability in management, which comes from the enlarged interests of a few great capitalists or combinations. There have been many reports of movements in the direction of more concentrated control of the great systems—such as the New York Central taking in the Erie and establishing an ascendency over the Union Pacific, the Northern Pacific and Great Northern working together under an agreement, and a triple alliance of the Central, the Pennsylvania, and a great New York banking-house virtually to exercise a preponderant influence over the Southern Pacific and the Atchison—looking to a unified management of the whole vast transcontinental system. Whatever there may have been in the various reports and rumors, they spring up along the line of a visible tendency, which promises to put an end to conflicts and rate wars, and thus make railroad investments more stable and secure.

So far as foreign trade, and especially the volume of exports, is to be taken as an index of domestic prosperity, there has been no set-back in this year 1900. The statistics for the month of October surpass all previous records, the exports of merchandise reaching the value of $165,000,000 and more, and the excess over imports being more than $92,000,000, which also breaks the record. The balance of trade in our favor, as it is called,—that is, the excess of exports over imports—for ten months of the year, was $527,234,545, against $379,132,173 for the same period last year. It should be noted that the October record of exports was largely affected by the high price of cotton, that article alone figuring at $60,000,000 and more as compared with $28,000,000 in October, 1899.

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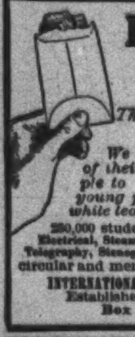

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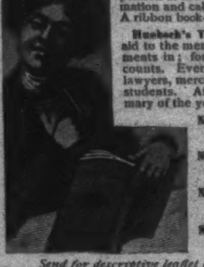

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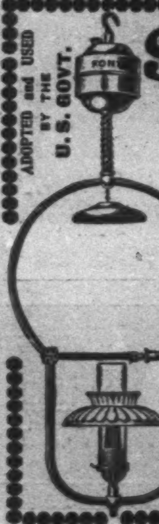

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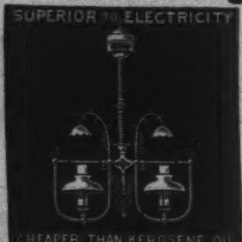

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Born in Henderson, New York, June 16, 1838.
Died in St. Paul, Minnesota, November 27, 1900

grown firmer, and there is no sign yet of drawing more gold from our foreign debtors. This is largely due to the sales of American securities in London and Berlin, or in New York for the account of foreign holders, which we have to pay for. Moreover, balances are carried along in much greater volume and for a longer time than formerly, and the financial markets of the United States and Europe work together much as though the world were getting to be one vast commercial community, with common interests and a constant interchange of accommodation and adjustment of accounts.

The New York money-market has continued in a state of ease, with rates for call loans at 3 and 4 per cent., and on time loans 4 and 5 per cent. The banks are gaining substantially in their surplus reserves in spite of increased loans and deposits. The London money-market is kept somewhat uneasy by the government operations in drawing funds on short-time loans and disbursing them somewhat irregularly in large payments. On the whole, the financial situation abroad has undergone no material change of late.

Sir Arthur Sullivan

YEARS hence, when we, who now count ourselves the active stagers of the day, are counted as the oldest stagers, in what separate corners of our memory shall we hold the composers who have worked for the stage in our lives? No doubt we shall still reverence Wagner as the mighty marvel of our time; we shall love Gounod for a single work and yield him our admiration for others. A fine fondness we shall always keep for Verdi. We shall always think with delight of the many merry evenings which we spent with Offenbach and Suppé and Audran. But is there another among them all whose memory we shall cherish with such sweet affection as that of Sir Arthur Sullivan? I believe not. For my own self, Sullivan's music has been so much, and I know that it will be so much to me, that I feel like saying, I hope not.

There is no need here to speak of his qualifications as a technical musician, of those phases of his art which only a trained musical student can appreciate. There are those phases in the work of every artist. But Sir Arthur Sullivan was one who could carry his art beyond the circle of the initiated and make it known and loved by those who were innocent of its mechanism. Almost forty years ago Charles Dickens expressed his admiration of his music, telling him in the same breath that he was not a musical critic. And indeed real greatness is seldom esoteric. I once knew a stable-boy who told me that he liked to read Shakspere's plays, but did not care to see them acted.

If Sullivan had never put two notes together to be used on the stage, if his separate songs and his orchestral pieces had been all, he would still hold a high place among the composers of to-day. But he would be only one among many. As a composer of operettas he held a place absolutely his own. It is by those that he will be remembered; they will be first and last in our minds whenever we think of Sullivan. We cannot think of him without thinking of W. S. Gilbert. If they had never met, each of them would have been known to us as a man larger than the com-

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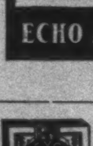

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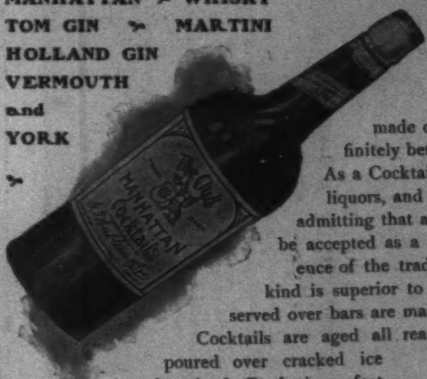

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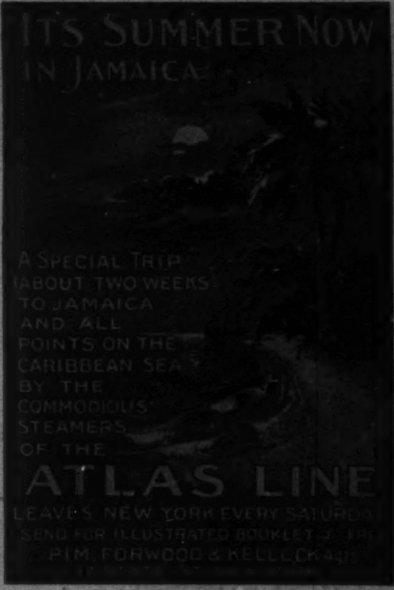

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mon, but they would never have been the two giants that they are standing together.

When there is occasion much can be said of the incomparable humor which was a part of Mr. Gilbert's part in the making of that glistening chain of operatic jewels, but an essential element, and doubtless what will prove the most lasting element was the songs. In these, too, Gilbert had his share, for the two men had a wonderful way of working together as if they were one, the writer giving the composer the full sway where the music was most important, and the composer yielding place where the main purpose was in the words. But it was the tunes that made the words memorable, just as it was the words that gave the tunes their meaning.

Of all those operettas which is your favorite? And in that favorite operetta, which is your favorite air? You cannot answer either question. If you try the first you will find that among about half the list you cannot choose one, because you will not reject the others. And if you try to find the air which seems best to you, you will be lost in the same way among no less than twenty. The moment that one seems to excel for some delightful quality in it, another is remembered as especially fine for some quite different reason, and then a third presents its independent claim, till all taste and judgment are confused. One is beautiful for its pensive sadness; one delights with its rollicking merriment; one brings the blood to the cheek with its sturdy martial swing; one moves by its simple tenderness. They please with their free and joyous lilt, their depth of passion, their flash and dash and crash, their sweetness and depth and gentleness, their sparkle of humor.

Think of the beauty and the variety expressed by such a list of songs as "The Pale Young Curate," in "The Sorcerer"; "The Nightingale Sighed," in "Pinafore"; "Hail, Poetry," in "The Pirates"; "Turn, Oh, Turn in This Direction," and "I Hear the Soft Sound of the Echoing Voice," in "Patience"; "When Britain Really Ruled the Waves," in "Iolanthe"; "A Wandering Minstrel I," in "The Mikado"; "The Little Flower and the Old Oak Tree," in "Ruddigore"; "I Have a Song to Sing, Oh," in "The Yeoman of the Guard"; and "You Cannot Have the Heart," in "The Gondoliers." This is a little list of favorites, and probably every lover of Sullivan who reads it will want to make substitutions of other favorites for at least half the songs in the list. Very well, make the substitutions, It only shows again how hard it is to choose among such riches.

And how easy and simple this music always seemed! No effort ever showed in it. "Why cannot the rest of them do it that way?" we always used to ask ourselves, as we listened to a new Sullivan operetta. Sullivan's way was the easiest, the most straightforward, the plainest way, but nobody else could ever get into it. With what eagerness we always waited for the new work, and how true and good and satisfactory it always was when it came! Every work was not the greatest work, but every one had the mark of the master. And he could place that mark till the very end. Even in the unhappy "Rose of Persia," which failed here in New York, for sufficient reasons, there were the little bits of living music which nobody else could have placed there. There was one song on a simple old subject. As an earthen bowl will hold wine as well as a finer vessel, even so a man should be judged by his soul, and not by his body. But the air which Sullivan set to that song made you

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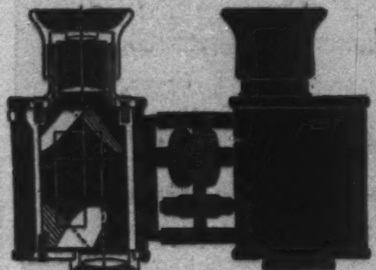

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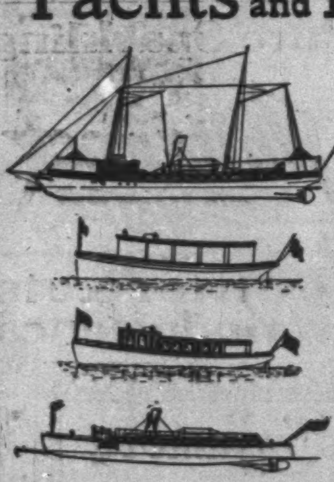

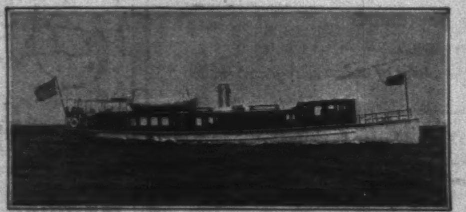

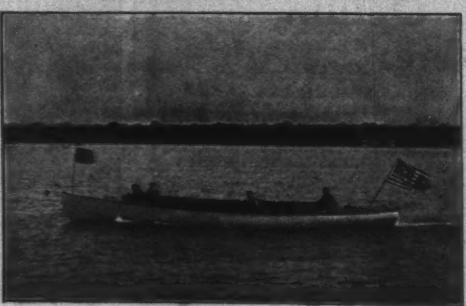

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want to get out of your seat and go up on the stage and help sing it. You could catch it in a minute, and then it seemed as those words could never be thought of again without that tune. The music belonged with the thought inevitably.

And these things will last. Some time ago a party of persons who knew music pretty well was listening to a performance of "Pinafore," and we were all stricken dumb with new thoughts at the discovery that a certain grown-up critic present had not been born when "Pinafore" was produced. Those who could think it were startled to think that they had been admiring "Pinafore" for twenty years. And a light musical work which lasts as long as that will last longer. "The Mikado" had a run of two weeks at the Metropolitan Opera House, which ended five days before Sir Arthur Sullivan's death. When did any other opera last have a run of two weeks at that house? Sullivan, with Gilbert, made a clear mark in the history of the English stage, and he will not be forgotten. His life was one which gave brightness to many lives.

WILLIAM HENRY FROST.

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WHEN a modern transatlantic steamer comes into port she is an object of considerable interest to the postal authorities in New York, for out of her cavernous hold there will come several tons of mail matter that must be distributed within a few hours after her arrival, and often before the passengers have actually reached their homes the letters that accompanied them across the ocean are in the hands of the post-office carriers. This remarkable despatch of transatlantic mail is due to the system of handling it in vogue in New York, and to the successful workings of the floating post-offices on the fast Atlantic steamers. These latter were established ten years ago, and there have been in successful operation a round dozen of the sea post-offices, three on American liners, five on the Hamburg-American steamers, and four on the North German Lloyd boats. It is now proposed to increase the number of floating post-offices, and the Postal Department will have by another summer a number of the new steamers equipped with postal facilities superior to anything in the world. These new ocean post-offices will be fitted up on the White Star and Cunard steamers, and they will embody the lessons and experiences derived from a decade of practical work in this line.

When the tons of mail matter are shot into the hold of the steamer on the other side of the ocean they pass down an elevator-shaft arrangement into a compartment where two or more clerks work by electric light night and day. During the height of the season when the foreign mail is large these clerks sort letters at the rate of 1200 an hour, and keep it up on some trips for twelve hours a day from six to seven days. The mail must always be sorted out before the steamer reaches New York, and if the weather is stormy it is no easy work flipping letters into their appropriate racks with the ship rolling like a log.

Down below decks the post-office room is fitted up with tiers of pigeon-holes and racks. A photograph of the room might well be taken for a model pigeon-cote. But each compartment is labelled with familiar words such as "New York," "Boston," "Chicago," "Ohio," "London," "Berlin," "Paris," "Russia," "Norway - Sweden," etc. Into these compartments the clerks fling the letters, sorting them over, so that when the steamer reaches port they can be bundled away in sacks for immediate delivery. It is because of this work on the high seas that mail matter reaches its destination so soon after the steamer arrives. On the slower mail-steamers there are no such post-offices, and the mail reaches New York in a rather mixed condition, and the city clerks have to spend their days and nights in sorting it out. Formerly this was the only way the foreign mail was handled; but the Post Office Department is keeping abreast of the steamship companies in finding new ways to expedite the carrying and delivery of mail matter. When a fast steamer is coming up the bay she is now met by a post-office tug, which runs alongside and receives the mail before the ocean liner reaches her pier. With her precious burden of correspondence the tug then runs up to her landing-place, where mail-wagons are waiting to receive it. With all possible speed the mail is transferred to the Post Office, where scores of clerks attack it with a will and make the huge piles melt away as snow before the hot sun's rays. The new improvements contemplated in the ocean post-offices will further help to expedite the sorting and delivery of foreign correspondence.

G. E. W.

Christmas Cheer

Under the Holly and Cedar of Christmas the Punch Bowl will overflow. Time honors this custom.

Whether it holds Apple Jack, Egg-Nog or Punch

10 Year Old

Hunter Baltimore Rye

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Remodelled June, 1900, for LEWIS' SINGLE BINDER FACTORY.

A good cigar can only be made by using old, well-cured tobaccos, selected from the heart of the best crops and combined for perfect combustion, rolled by expert hand-workmen, and given to the smoker as it comes from the table—fresh, and rich, and full of life.

These qualities—the hand work, the single binder, the choice old tobaccos in perfect combination—all so necessary, are obtained only in

LEWIS' SINGLE BINDER Straight 5c.

Exposed to light and air good cigars soon lose much of their original merit. LEWIS' SINGLE BINDER, wrapped in tin foil in packages of five, insures to the smoker a good cigar, just as it comes from the tables—fresh, and rich, and full of life—a cigar at once satisfying, and always appreciated and sought for by old smokers. If your dealer cannot supply you, a sample box of 50 will be sent you, prepaid, direct from the factory, upon receipt of $2.25 (draft, P. O. or Express order only).

You pay 10c.

for Cigars not so good.

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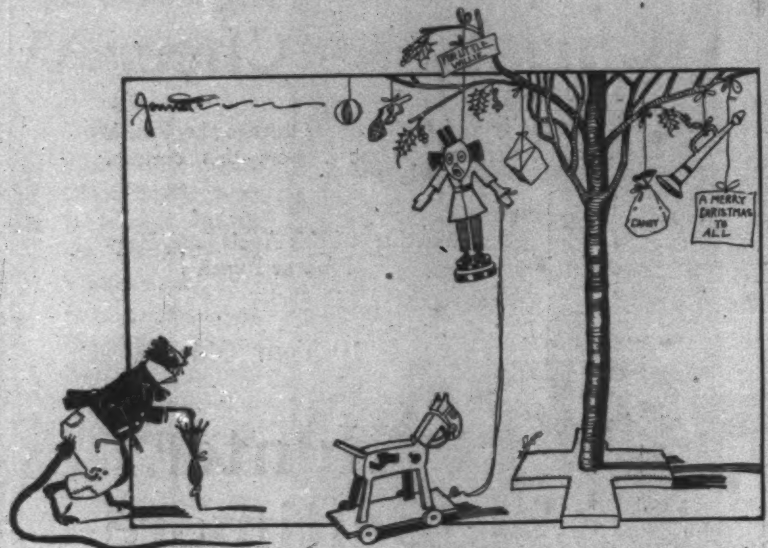

Mr. MOUSE. "I'll bet anything that fellow stole a horse, or he wouldn't be hanging on that tree."

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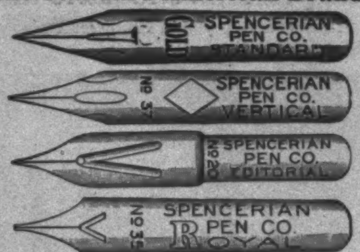

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SUITS HAVE BEEN ENTERED

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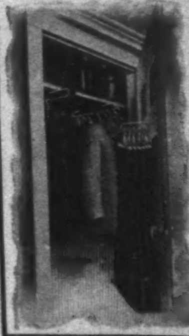

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It keeps the clothes in perfect form, taking out all wrinkles and giving them a stylish appearance.
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GENTLEMEN'S SET consists of 6 trousers hangers, 12 garment yokes, 2 shelf bars, 1 closet loop.

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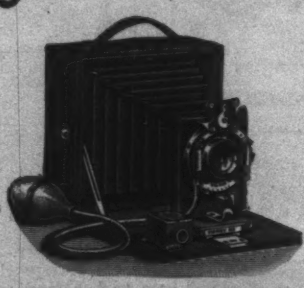

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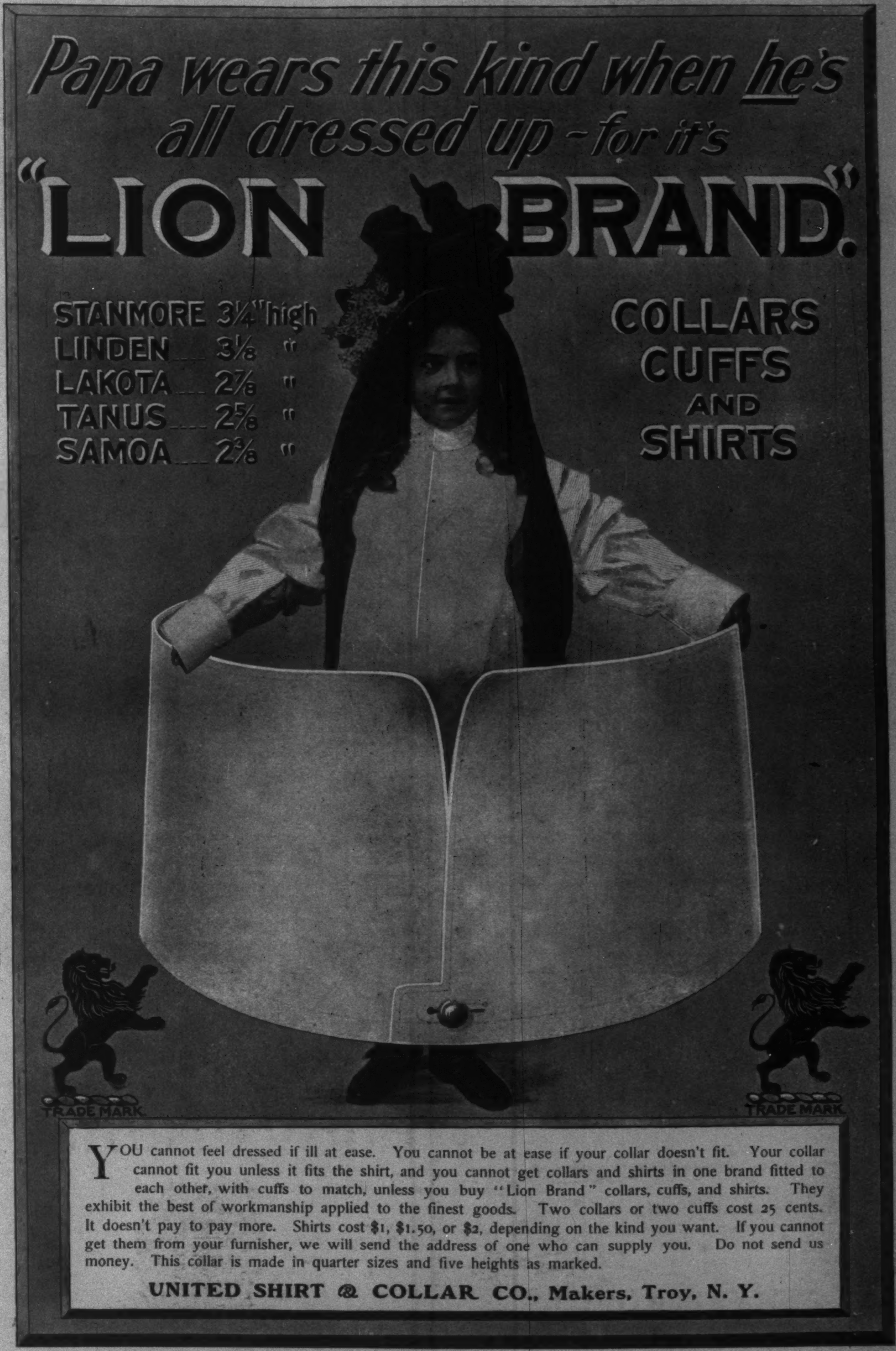
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